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EVA D. KELLOGG EDITOR

A New Leaf

He came to my desk with a quivering lip,—
The lesson was done;
"Dear Teacher, I want a new leaf," he said,
"I have spoiled this one."
I took the old leaf stained and blotted,
And gave him a new one all unspotted,
And into his sad eyes smiled;
"Do better now my child."

I went to the throne with a quivering soul,—
The Old year was done,
"Dear Father, hast thou a new leaf for me?
I have spoiled this one."
He took the old leaf stained and blotted,
And gave me a new one all unspotted,
And into my sad heart smiled;
"Do better now, my child."

—*Carrie Shaw Rice*

A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

Or shall we wish "A Blessed New Year"?

As the years go by do we not find that while a happy new year may be the aim, the blessed new year comes only as the result of rightful, unselfish living?

Is this too deep for the little children? No, not if the teacher can radiate it without preaching it. Sermonizing to the children is sorry work. The richest feeling evades word-setting, It can only be communicated from heart to heart.

We hear everywhere that children must be made happy and kept happy. Yes, if happiness comes in the path of right-doing — not otherwise. Sunniness and selfishness never yet kept hand in hand for any length of time. The little children can understand this very early. While the doctors in ethics are deciding whether or not children are naturally selfish the primary teachers can make both a happy and a blessed year for these little ones in teaching them in loving ways the beginning of the great life-lesson — unselfing self.

The Loss of Ideals

We come to smile in a half-weary, half-complacent way over the loss of early ideals as if this loss were one of the milestones that marked off our progress along life's highway.

"Yes, I thought so once," usually means, "I have learned better since." Experience is a valuable thing in life but when that experience means the loss of noble ideals that were once the incentive and spur to a lofty purpose, this loss becomes one of the saddest things in life.

We do not live to ourselves. No human soul can lose an aspiration without some other soul suffers thereby. The teacher who once entered upon her work with her eyes upon the stars lifted other eyes starward. She could not help it. Such influence is too subtle, too powerful to be resisted. Did she realize when her eyes began to lower that she was lowering the vision of others? What others? Every soul with whom she came in contact in her daily work. But the children unconsciously suffer most from such discouragement and surrender of lofty ambitions. The character of a teacher's influence and impress on her children is determined by the quality and strength of her ideals. These children are largely, while under her care, what her ideals make them. Does she ever think of that?

Does it seem to her now that her early ideals of teaching, as *an art*, were too high and visionary for daily use? Has her standard lowered for want of support and appreciation? Has she said to herself, "I am doing just as well as those around me and with that I will be satisfied. Who would thank me for doing more?" To settle down to the mechanical "grind" of school work content to fill the narrow limit of grade requirement and no more — to look upon early ideals as illusive dreams — is to injure the possibilities of every child that she will ever touch with human influence. Will every teacher who reads this, as she stands at the open gate of another New Year, search the past and present by the light of this single thought — the effect of the loss of her true ideals upon her own character and upon the children under her care.

Can lost ideals be found again? Yes, better than that. Purified by the fires of past experience and with the selfish dross all burned away, they may yet be found brighter, firmer and worthy of enduring to the end.

The best is yet to be,
The last of life for which the first was made;
Our times are in His hand.

—*Browning*

Primary Education in Child-Study Clubs*

M. V. O'SHEA School of Pedagogy Buffalo N. Y.

(We suspend this series for one month to present these helpful suggestions in reply to many teachers and parents who have sought personal help of Prof. O'Shea in carrying on this work. The regular series will be resumed again in February— ED.)

PROBABLY every individual who has given any special attention to child-study receives numerous inquiries like the following in his daily mail: "I am becoming very much interested in the study of children, and I wish you to give me some advice as to how I should proceed. Where can I secure helps that will be of service to me? I do not know how to start, and if you could recommend some books that would put me on the right track, it would be of great benefit to me." Such requests come nearly as frequently from parents as from teachers, and from societies or clubs as from individuals working alone. Quite often something like the following is received: "Our teachers have formed themselves into an organization for the purpose of studying the articles on child-study in PRIMARY EDUCATION. Will you suggest how we shall proceed in our work? How can we get the greatest value from the articles? Would you advise any additional reading?" etc., etc.

The Need of Some Scientific Guidance

In these times when so great interest is taken in the study of children, it is not to be wondered at that parents and teachers are casting about everywhere for help. Everyone who undertakes to study a child either in the home or in the school soon discovers that he needs guidance from some source. No matter how abounding may be his enthusiasm in this new work, still if his study proves of benefit, it must be based upon some plan, or must follow some order. Interest simply will not, of necessity, lead me to an understanding of the object in which I am interested, although it is a very important condition for adquiring knowledge thereof. There are some people who feel that interest in children is the only thing necessary for successful child-study; but such persons, whether in the home or in the school, generally make little progress in comprehending clearly how children should be treated in different periods of their development, and how the peculiarities of individual children are to be accounted for and properly dealt with. That is to say, there is an intellectual, a scientific, as well as a sympathetic or emotional aspect in child-study. Teachers and parents discover this as soon as they endeavor to base their training upon substantial foundations. Hence the inquiries from every source for directions how to proceed in getting a knowledge of children. It is the purpose in this paper to suggest briefly how parents and teachers may use the articles in PRIMARY EDUCATION to best advantage, whether they are working by themselves independently or are associated with others in clubs or societies.

The Leading Motive

Let us ask at the outset, What should be the leading motive or purpose on the part of parent and teacher who purpose to study the writings upon the nature of children which are appearing in the magazines? Perhaps all will agree that both parent and teacher are concerned wholly with the concrete, growing child; and they will be interested in child-study only in so far as it will enable them to deal more wisely with this developing human being under their care. The parent or teacher cannot be interested in child-study for its own sake. Psychologists may be; and there ought to be some who will devote themselves to this science without regard to its direct application to any of the special problems of training children. But those who are directing the thoughts and actions of children every day, who are forming their tastes and their characters, can have no interest in a science which does not help to solve the concrete, practical questions coming to them all the time in their work.

The Real Problem

Our problem is, then, How can a teacher studying the articles in PRIMARY EDUCATION, or any other similar journal, get the greatest good from them? Suppose, for purposes of illustration, we consider the article upon physical defects, —defects in vision and hearing, for instance. In what I had to say upon this topic, I endeavored to set forth some of the leading causes of these defects, their influence upon the mind and character of the pupil, the means for detecting them, and the appropriate remedies. It would be easy enough for any teacher who has thought but little along this line to read that entire article without deriving much practical benefit from it, because of failing to trace the facts set forth there to their bearing upon concrete cases in her classroom.

An Illustration

But suppose she take up a single point at a time and observe its application to each individual pupil in her classroom. Then she would go through somewhat such a process of self-questioning as this: Has John any defect of vision? What are the signs by which I might detect such a condition? Does he habitually hold his book close to his eyes? Are there vertical creases in the forehead between the eyes? Does he complain of headaches! When he is seated at a distance from the blackboard does he make an unusual effort to see what may be upon the board? Does he frequently make mistakes in copying from the blackboard, while he seems otherwise careful in his work?

If some of these signs would seem to indicate a defect, then let the teacher take this one pupil at recess, and if she has no test cards and is sure of her own vision, let her go with the pupil to different parts of the room and notice whether he can see small objects at a distance as clearly as she can. Other methods of testing will suggest themselves to any teacher. Now, when the teacher does this, she is applying her study to concrete cases. And then, suppose she discovers a defect, her next step is to apply her remedy, —to seat the pupil where he will have some advantage in seeing the board and the teacher's face; or she may inform the parents, and, if possible, have the boy treated by a specialist. Next, let her question herself as to the cause of this defect. It may be wholly impossible to determine what the cause is, but it will be well at any rate to examine the arrangement of light in the school-room, and perhaps to advise the pupil in regard to the use of his eyes at home.

The Work in a Club

Now, if this teacher is associated with others, at the next meeting of the club she will report what she has done. She will describe fully her methods of examination, the difficulties encountered, the way in which she overcame them, the success of her remedies, the conditions which she found at home, etc., etc. Then there will be others present who have been doing something of the same sort, and they will give their experiences; and as a result of the testimony of all, each will receive some suggestion that will be of help. Perhaps there will be some members of the club who have not had the courage to try at all, and this will give them an impetus.

So it would be possible to go through with many topics, indicating how each one may be studied in this concrete, practical fashion. It is oftentimes difficult to carry on this work in a club, because the points discussed at any meeting are not clear and definite, and there is great liability to wandering. A leader should be chosen who will hold the discussion to the single topic to be considered at any meeting, for that is the only way that progress can be made. He should be a person who knows when to discourage unprofitable discussion, and how to draw out the best in the experiences of every individual member. Teachers, like all other people, are apt to give undue prominence in their discussions to little incidents which can possibly be of interest to themselves only, and this is liable soon to make the club work tiresome. The leader should have full power to shut off irrelevant talk, and should be skilful in keeping live points before the meeting for discussion, as well as in leading each one who discusses to be perfectly clear, concise, and practical, so that those who listen may really be benefited.

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Parents' Clubs

These suggestions apply equally to a parent working alone or in a parents' club. There is still greater danger in a parents' club of much talking without definite results. There is a natural tendency on the part of a parent to be absorbed in the minutest matters concerning his own child. This is certainly a most worthy and commendable trait of parenthood, but the best place for displaying it is not in a club where there are many others who cannot possibly have much interest in these details, and who soon become bored when someone occupies much of the time with unimportant discussion. Every child does and says many things that may be interesting enough to a parent, as incidents in themselves, but they can be of no possible value to others who wish to get something of help in dealing with their own children.

Some Dangers

I have generally found that there is danger of trying to do too many things at once, both by individuals and by clubs. There is oftentimes a feverish hurry to get to know all about childhood immediately; so that two or three subjects, such as physical defects, fatigue, and native interests, will all be discussed at one meeting. It will be remarkable if such proceedings will ever produce any practical results. To have so many problems before the mind at one time leads to confusion; nothing is seen clearly, and one is very apt to become discouraged under such conditions. The best way is to take a simple, single point at a time for observation and study,— the simpler the better, for then its application to the work of the school-room may be seen more distinctly. There is no danger of making child-study too simple; the great difficulty is to have it simple enough to be practical. It requires far more skill to study children successfully, than to study plants or animals or any other phase of science; and a teacher or parent should count himself fortunate if he is able to make progress even though it seems very slow.

It is to be feared that many people get easily discouraged because they cannot at once reap rich results from their study of children. It is natural to feel that because we have always been associating with children we ought readily to discover their true nature and mode of development if we only have a little guidance. Were child-study such a simple thing as this we would not be hearing so much about it as we do now. Our ancestors, teachers and parents, would have bequeathed to us full knowledge of childhood; but the fact that so comparatively little of scientific value has been handed down to us shows that the intelligent study of childhood is by no means an easy thing. It requires a keen eye and ear, the most careful discrimination, the greatest sympathy, and unbounded patience. We should be content, then, to make haste slowly; and one who becomes easily discouraged when great results are not readily attained will find this a rough road to travel.

The Danger of Becoming too Self-Critical

The last suggestion is that child-study will be a detriment rather than a benefit if it serves only to make us too self-critical and self-conscious, because we can not readily analyze the personalities of all our pupils and see clearly what we ought to do in any individual case. I frequently find teachers who are not just to themselves; they do not think highly enough of their own talents; their consciences seem frequently to trouble them because they do not know everything. Such a teacher is apt to be halting in her work, relying too little upon natural instincts and too much upon intellectual perception of all the conditions which combine to make up the individuality of each pupil. In such case spontaneity, the thing to be most desired of all by teachers, has little chance for expression. Of course, everyone must become somewhat self-conscious in order to abandon old methods and adopt new and better ones. But this self-consciousness can go too far; it can act as a stopper to all free, spontaneous activity. If we would wrestle with one problem at a time and see our way clearly through that before attacking another, there would be less danger of becoming burdened with too heavy a load.

An Uncrowned Queen

Wm. Hawley Smith Author of "Evolution of Dodd" etc.

LONG ago the Master said of children, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven;" but the world has grown a good deal since then, and children have grown with it, till now I am sure that what was then said of those of tender years can now be said of at least some folks who are grown up. Anyhow, I came across a little thing the other day that made me think so.

It was in a school located in what is known as the poor part of the city that I saw what I am going to tell about. The children were a very common looking lot of humanity. Nearly all of them were born of parents who had sailed into this country from foreign shores. They were of Polish, Swede, Russian and Norwegian extraction, almost every one of them. They had their "odor" with them, in spite of all the ventilation that could be brought to bear upon the rooms they were seated in. But they were God-made children, for all of that. Don't ever think they or their likes are not God-made for they are.

Well, the principal of the building, (it was an eight-room structure) was a woman somewhere in the forties. She was not a beauty, as beauties are counted in this world — in ball-rooms, dime museums and similar resorts, where beauty of a certain type is wont to disport itself and seek admiration. No, she was a plain little woman, below medium height, a trifle of the "dumpy" sort, rather an angular face and with hair fast growing gray in the service. There was no sign of a halo about her head. Just smooth hair, and a plain back-comb, that's all.

She took me over the building from room to room, and showed me without any fuss or flutter, what her eight teachers were doing. It was worth seeing what she showed me. I never saw a better average of school-room work than I witnessed in the two hours I spent in that building, and this little woman was the soul of it all. It was she who had made it so; who had taken eight fair, average girls and trained them in their work till she made admirable teachers of them all. This thing can be done. I've seen it, and know it.

We came into a second primary room, and I happened to notice a couple of baskets of potatoes, about a peck in each basket, in the rear of the room; and wondering if she had some new "fad" that it required potatoes to work out, I asked her what she was doing with the vegetables. She blushed a trifle, and then said:

"I guess I can tell you. You see this has been a very hard season on some of our people, ("our people," I liked the phrase, and the way she said it,) and a good many of them are having more than they can do to get along. They would work if they could, but the shops and mills that they have been employed in are closed, and they can get nothing to do. I have some friends up town who have money, and who are willing and glad to help poor people, if they know them to be truly worthy. These folks have faith in me, and they give me larger or smaller sums to spend as I see fit. To-day I found a couple of families who actually have nothing to eat, and I sent out and had these potatoes bought and brought here, and I shall send them home by the children this evening."

That is the story just as she told it to me. Then we went on viewing the work in the room.

It was about an hour later that school was out for the day, and I stood in the hall with this little woman and watched the children file out of the building. They marched four abreast, and made a very pretty sight as they passed along. Presently I saw her wink her left eye and nod her head just such a little bit that one would hardly notice it, to a little ten-year-old girl in the line, and at the signal the child stepped out of the ranks and stood still in the hall. A moment later, and this act was repeated to another girl of about the same age. Then the rest of the children marched out, and these two were left with the teacher.

She took them a little apart, and then I saw her lean over and whisper to them Their backs were towards me, and I could not see their eyes, as I wished I could; but as she

whispered all the faces of her listeners became eloquent with gratitude. The little ones jumped up and down two or three times, clapping their hands the while, and then away they ran to the room where the baskets of potatoes were. I stood and waited for them to return, hoping for a sight of their radiant faces, but when a few minutes had passed, and still they did not come, I turned to the teacher and said:

"Aren't they coming out this way?"

And she replied, "No, I asked the janitor to open the back gate for them, so that they could go out without the rest of the children knowing that they were so poor that they had to be helped! You know," she added, "that it isn't pleasant to have others know of our poverty!"

And there was no halo at all around her head as she said this, nor a sign of any crown upon it! Just plain gray hair and a simple back-comb, that's all. But to my thinking no saint was ever more worthy of radiant effulgence round about, no queen so well deserved a crown!

I didn't say anything direct. There are places where words are a mockery, and presences before whom silence can be eloquent. But I did make known to her that the cause of the needy was of great interest to me, and I wished there were more genuine and well-directed charity in the world. Whereupon she said:

"Why, if you are interested in cases of this kind, perhaps you will care to see this note." And she drew from her basket the following, which I read, and which she let me keep as a sacred memento of the event. That is how I am able to quote it here. It is as follows:

Miss P—

Dear Madam:—I am very sorry that Charlie has damaged a school book, and I send the 24 cents, which we can hardly spare in these hard times. But it is only right that it should be paid.

Very sincerely,

E. S.

After I had read the note she told me about it, and what she had done. The boy was very careless and inclined to be destructive, and she had but carried out the regulations in asking his parents to pay for what their child destroyed. He was a boy of seven. When he brought her the note and the money she read to him what his mother had written and told him how he had brought extra care upon her. The little fellow was all broken up over it, and said he *would* try not to do so any more.

And then this uncrowned queen went into another room, where the boy had a sister four years older, took the girl aside, and told her the story, and by her hand sent the twenty-four cents back to the mother!

"For of such is the kingdom of heaven!"

And you will say that you know other teachers who have done things just like this? Of course you do. There are many such. Not so many as we wish there were, though, are there? Let's try to have more of the same sort, for their likes are greater than can be described in words.

Nature Study and Moral Culture

In President Jordan's new book, "The Innumerable Company," appears an article on nature study and moral culture. He says: "The essence of character building lies in action. The chief value of nature study in character building is that like life itself it deals in realities. The experience of living is of itself a form of nature study. One must in life make his own observations, frame his own deductions and apply them in action as he goes along. The habit of finding out the best thing to do next and then doing it is the basis of character. A strong character is built up by doing, not by imitation, not by feeling, nor by suggestion. Nature study, if it be genuine, is essentially doing. This is the basis of its effectiveness as a moral agent. To deal with truth is necessary if we are to know truth when we see it in action. . . . . The rocks and shells, the frogs and lilies, always tell the absolute truth. Association with these under right direction will build up a habit of truthfulness which the lying story of the cherry tree is powerless to affect."

The Coming of the Year

Baby Year, what cheer?
What cheer?
In the early flush of dawn
Comes another year, new born.
Bells were ringing; prayers were said;
For the year we loved had fled.
Wrapped in blankets snowy white
Lies the gift he left last night.
Baby Year,
What cheer? What cheer?

Baby Year, what cheer?
What cheer?
Greet the stranger tenderly;
He comes a gift to you and me.
Ring the bells; let prayers be said.
May blessings crown the New Year's head,—
Blessings rich, and full, and free,
Heaven sent, Year, on us and thee.
Baby Year,
What cheer? What cheer? —*M. A. M.*

Number I.

JOHN H. TEAR Principal Washington School Chicago

(I HAVE been asked by the editor of PRIMARY EDUCATION to give a series of articles upon the "Speer Method" of teaching number as it is now practised in the Chicago schools. This method is set forth in "The New Arithmetic," a primary arithmetic for the use of teachers, by Mr. William W. Speer, Assistant Superintendent of Schools, Chicago.* Every teacher who wishes to follow this series will need this book for constant reference. For an extended discussion of the psychology of the subject the reader is referred to McLellan and Dewey's "Psychology of Number."†)

It goes without saying that in order to *teach* number one must cause the child to *think* number. Number *learning* is necessarily number *thinking*, and whenever pupils really learn *number* rather than the bare *symbols* of number, they are actually doing number thinking. But this learning, this number thinking, often takes place in spite of the methods we use rather than by virtue of them. A method which is not based on an actual thought process can be of no positive value. The first question which the teacher of number must ask himself, then, is, What is number thinking? What is the nature of the process called numbering? Under what circumstances do we use number in our thinking?

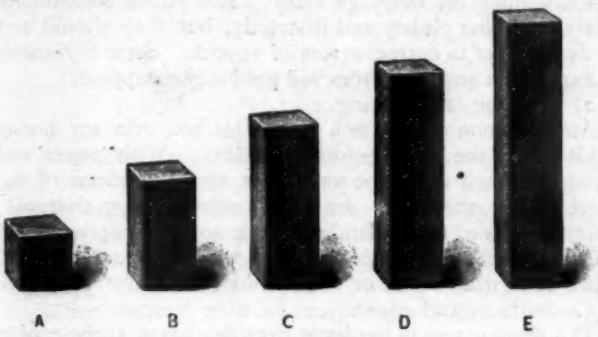
The Number Idea

If asked the length of this table upon which I am writing and, either making a mental estimate, or actually measuring it, I answer *four feet*, it is evident that I have gone through a process involving the number *four*. What I actually do is to compare the length of the table with a certain standard of length called a foot. I measure, either mentally simply, or perhaps physically, the distance from one end of the table to the other with my foot-rule. But the number *four* involved in this process is in no sense a propery of the table. It has nothing to do in making this object a table. The table may be 4 feet long, 3 feet wide and $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet high, yet these numbers, 4, 3, and $2\frac{1}{2}$, are not only accidental to the table, but also to this particular length, width and height, for with equal truth I may say that the width is 1 yard, the length $1\frac{1}{3}$ yards, and the height $\frac{5}{6}$ of a yard. Again, if asked

*Ginn & Co., Boston. †D. Appleton & Co.

the length of the year, I may answer, 12 months, or 52 weeks, or 365 days. In either case I compare the whole year with a certain time unit, and the number involved is the relation of the entire time, the whole year, to the unit of measurement adopted.

In all thinking which involves number there is this comparison of some whole which is to be measured with some standard, or unit of measurement. Number is the relation of this whole to the standard. Three yards of silk is a piece whose length bears a certain definite relation to the standard of length called a yard. This relation is discovered by measuring, mentally or actually, this piece of silk by means of the yard stick. Number is, therefore, a process of measurement. It is not a property or quality of the things compared; nor is it, on the other hand, something applied *to* the things compared; it does not exist except *in* the comparison. It is a mental act; it is the act of relating some undefined whole to a given definite standard, thereby giving definite value or meaning to that which was at first undefined. Number is that mental act which recognizes, or constitutes, a definite relation of size between two objects. Although number does not belong to objects in themselves, yet it does not arise until the mind deals with objects in a certain way. We may say that number is a *method* of dealing with objects.



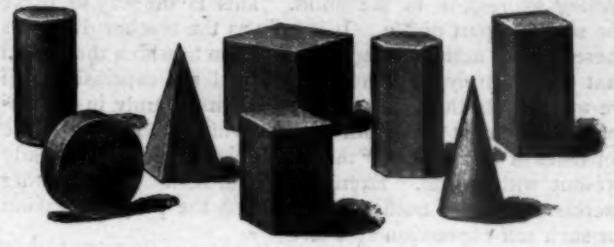
Numerical Relations

Numerical relations are exact relations of size. Such relations are called *ratios*. The size relations or ratios of the solids, A, B, C, D, E, are all definite and exact. If A is taken as the unit of measurement and the other solids are measured by it, then B equals *two*, C equals *three*, D *four*, and E *five*, such units. If D is taken as the unit, or standard of comparison, then A equals $\frac{1}{4}$, B equals $\frac{1}{2}$, and C equals $\frac{3}{4}$, of the unit; and E equals $1\frac{1}{4}$ times the unit. Similarly each solid may in turn be taken as the standard to be used to measure the others by. In each of these comparisons or measurements there is a given whole, vague and indefinite at first, which is made definite by comparing it with a fixed standard. Let C be compared with A. Then C is broken up, mentally, into three equal parts each of which is equal to A. In this process C gets a definite value in reference to A; it is seen to be equal to three A's.

Now, all number arises in such comparisons of magnitudes, or rather, number *is* just such comparisons. Such a process of comparison or mental measurement is called a judgment as to relative size. Number is a judgment, and if pupils are to be helped to think number they must be given an opportunity to make such judgments. This requires that the pupil shall have something before him to compare; these judgments must be passed upon physical objects before him or upon images in his mind. But we cannot depend upon images until after the things to be imaged have been before the child as physical objects. If the child is to be caused to think number, then, he must be set to comparing actual things placed before him. The comparison of solids, such as are shown in the illustration above, is the same process as that involved in the use of numbers in practical life. It is the same process as that involved in the measurement of this table by means of a foot-rule. It is a comparison as to relative size.

The Measuring Process

Objects may be compared as to relative size because they occupy space. It is because of these space relations that objects may be thought of as more and less, as larger and smaller, as equal and unequal, as having *quantity*. Mathematics deals with exact relations of quantity. Number is definite, exact relations of quantity in reference to size. But there are other relations of quantity, and arithmetic is not the only mathematical science. Take this group of solids now placed before you. These objects have differ-



ences in form as well as differences in size. They have different shapes. But each object gets its shape or form through its relations. An object exists only in its relations; and it is only through a recognition of its relations that an object can have any meaning. But all space relations imply a process of measurement. It is only through the sense of touch, as the hand moves from point to point over an object, or later through sight, as the focus of the eye moves from point to point, that one gets any idea of objects as extended in space. The objects in the group above are recognized as having different forms because a peculiar process of movement of hand or eye is required to get a knowledge of each. You may say that you recognize the form instantly when the object comes within sight, but that seems to be true only because the time required for recognition is so short and the process of movement is reduced to the minimum, slight signs being fraught with large meanings. To get any idea of things as occupying space this measuring process must actually take place, or must have taken place, the signs of which are now interpreted. The process of exact measurement, called number, grows out of this fundamental process of movement from point to point by which we get any idea of objects in space. This more general process gives us form. Geometry is more fundamental than arithmetic. It is only as the process develops whereby we get objects at all, that there comes to be any interest in, or desire to get, exact relations of size.

Form

The objects in the group above are of different forms because of the different methods of movement required to get ideas of them. We measure in a different way to get each one. There is a variety of methods of movement. One method of movement gives us the cylinder, another the square prism, another the cone, another the square pyramid, and so on. Each particular form is a particular method of this process of measurement. The cylinder may be large or small, may occupy more or less space, but the *method* of the process by which it is thought is always the same. The various forms represent various methods of this general process of mental measurement or comparison. When we pass to that method of comparison called number, we pass to a more complex method, and one that grows out of the simpler. The child knows objects before he knows them as larger and smaller, or recognizes their exact relations of size.

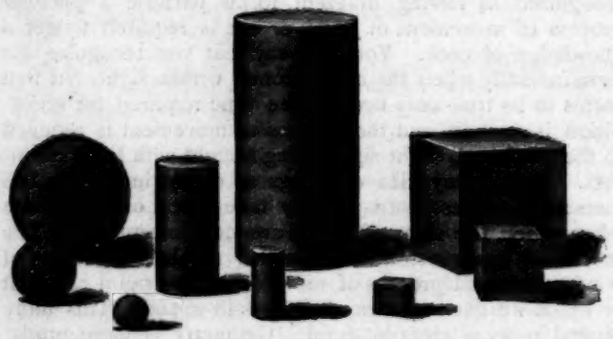
I have dwelt on this general process of mental measurement because it seems to me *very important* for the teacher to recognize at the outset this general activity of the child through the expansion of which he gets number ideas. We all know, of course, that it is only through the child's own self-activity that he gets any ideas whatever, and that our great problem is how to quicken and maintain this activity. But we are inclined to forget sometimes, I fear, that the child is *already* active, that he is already doing in a more or less complete way the very things which we wish him to do, that it is our work as teachers to help the child to enlarge upon the life-processes already going on within him.

Measuring Tendencies in the Child

In teaching number we must recognize the measuring tendencies already present in the child. He is already getting objects in space and he has also more or less vague ideas of number. Incidentally he may want names for some of his objects and for processes which he already performs. But the thing for us to do as teachers is to make the conditions favorable for the expression of the activities *already seeking* expression in the child. This is the way to make the school a part of life. It is only as the teacher discovers these present activities and the direction in which they point that he can truly help the child to real self-expression. If we would help the child to express himself truly in mathematics, we must give him an opportunity to express the activities of measuring, or the tendencies to measure, already present within him. Exercises in form, as well as other exercises in sense training, will furnish the proper occasion for such self-expression at first.

Sense Training

When the little six-year-old enters the school, he is interested in the things about him. He lives in his world of objects, and uses much physical activity in the expression of himself. His activities are those of seeing, hearing, touching, lifting; he is getting sense experience. Within these activities we shall find the promise of all future success. Here we shall find those activities which must develop into number. Let us begin where the child *is*; let us direct these present activies toward the getting of more exact form relations.



1. An exercise in distinguishing forms.

The teacher places on the table before the class a group of solids. Holding up one, say the sphere, she asks the pupils to find other spheres; to point out objects in the room *like* the sphere; to name things like the sphere that are simply *thought* of; to mention things like the sphere that the pupils have at home or have seen on the streets. The same exercises are given with all the forms.

The children are asked each to do something with a solid and to tell what he does. Following or accompanying their acts we hear, "I placed a cylinder on a square prism." "Did you me see remove the cube from the table?" "The cylinder will stand and roll." "See me roll the sphere."

A screen is arranged before the table. Two or more solids are placed behind it. The screen is removed for a few seconds only. The children then name the solids in order from right to left, from left to right. The exercise is continued changing the order of the solids, or exchanging them for others, one or two at a time, the difficulty of the exercise being gradually increased.

A child is asked to stand in front of the class. His eyes are covered. Solids are placed in his hands and he names them. He names common objects placed in his hands, such as a knife, a nickel, a piece of crayon, etc.

A half dozen different solids are placed on the table. Pupils all close eyes. One or two of the solids are removed. The pupils open eyes and tell which solids are missing.

A game is played with the solids. A child stands before the class with, say a cylinder, in his hands and he says, "I am thinking of something at my home shaped like this cylinder. What is it?" The questions come from the other children. "Is it a stove-pipe?" "No." "Is it a milk-can?" "No." "Is it a silk hat?" "Yes." Then it is the successful guesser's turn to be leader, and the game continues.

Now, teachers, you who are doing this form-work, or who may wish to undertake it, to you I want to make some personal suggestions: Use a number of solids of the same form but of different sizes, and let the pupils suggest hundreds of objects like these forms. The cylinder is not this or that *particular* object; it is *no particular thing*. The cylinder *idea* is the *method* of mental construction of certain objects. This idea must be *freed* from the particular objects in which it is expressed. The pupils must be able to detect the cylindrical form *anywhere*.

Never *teach* a name; *use* names when necessary; they will be well enough learned through their use. Use the proper terms; the pupils will find it no more trouble to learn rectangular prism, ellipsoid, or equilatral triangle than to learn grandfather or Santa Claus, when they have an idea to express. Use the more comprehensive terms first; polyhedron, prism, square prism, cube, this is the order.

Use as much of the physical activity of the child as possible. Let him get out of his seat and run quickly and quietly to different parts of the room, pointing out the objects about which he is talking. This will secure attention, and the control of physical movements.

Remember the language side. The pupils should talk freely, speaking clearly and distinctly, but they should not be *interrupted* to correct errors of specch. Secure *freedom* of expression and the errors will gradually disappear.

2. Cutting and drawing.

Any common object, as a vase, a tea-pot, or a toy horse, is placed on the table before the class. With paper and scissors at their desks the pupils cut representations of the object. Or, they may draw the object, using charcoal; never pencils at first. In these exercises the pupils should be left perfectly free to cut or draw what they *see* unaided. Hints as to what to see or what to do should not be given.

3. Surfaces and edges.

The teacher passes her hand over the plane surface of a prism and asks the children to find other plane surfaces. They suggest the top of their desks, the floor, ceiling, blackboard, face of the clock, the plane surfaces of other solids, etc. Curved surfaces are found in a similar manner. Pupils describe the solids: "The cylinder has two plane surfaces and one curved surface." "The cube has six plane surfaces." "The cone has one curved and one plane surface." The pupils find straight edges, then curved edges. They find solids that have straight edges only, curved edges only, both straight and curved edges.

4. Relative size.

A group of objects is placed on the table before the children. They find the largest sphere, the smallest, the highest cone, the tallest cylinder, the shortest pyramid; holding two or more solids in their hands they say, "This cube is larger than that." "This square prism is larger than this cube." "The red cone is the largest of the three," etc. The pupils find the largest plane surface, the smallest curved surface, the longest and the shortest straight edge, longer and shorter curved edges; they find objects, surfaces, and lines, larger and smaller, longer and shorter, about the school-room.

These exercises in seeing *inexact* relations of size lead naturally to the *exact* relations called number. Many other exercises in sense training are suggested by Mr. Speer in *The New Arithmetic* all of which are helpful in preparing the way for these comparisons which involve number.

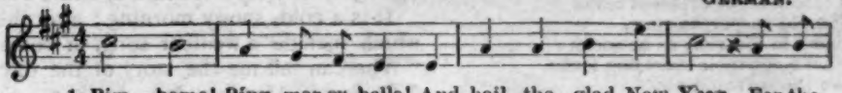
Two Wishes

"I wish that the teacher had lessons to learn,"
Said Molly, the wise little elf;
"She would know they were hard, and be sorry,
If she had to do them herself."

And the teacher, at home, in the gloaming,
Sighed gently, "I wish that they knew,
The dear little children, how easy,
'Tis just to have lessons to do."

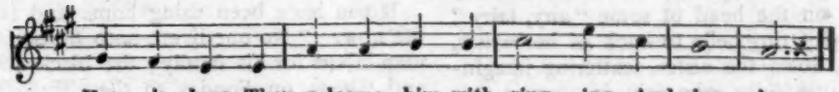
NEW YEAR'S SONG.

GERMAN.



1. Bim, bome! Ring, mer-ry bells! And hail the glad New Year, For the
2. Bim, bome! Ring, mer-ry bells! And old year, fare thee well! For of
3. Bim, bome! Ring, mer-ry bells! All hail, New Year, to thee! May thy
4. Bim, bome! Ring, mer-ry bells! And hail the glad New Year, For the

old year's gone, His work all done, And the young and bright New
griefs and fears, And toils and tears, All thy weeks and months could a
days and nights Bring pure de - lights, And our lives and works much
old year's gone, His work all done, And the young and bright New



Year is here, Then welcome him with ring - ing And sing - ing.
sto - ry tell; We leave thee both in sad - ness And glad - ness.
no - bler be, And bring to us full meas - ure, Of pleas - ure.
Year is here, Then welcome him with ring - ing And sing - ing.

From *Public School Music Course*, First Book. D. C. Heath & Co., Pub.

A Perilous Step

MINNA C. DENTON

When the teacher asks, "If you have nineteen dollars and earn seven more, how much money have you?" the children readily perform the mental operation required, and reply with more or less promptness. Even with harder numbers, as, "If there are fifteen girls and boys present to-day, how many children in all?" sooner or later he comes upon the correct train of reasoning, "Fifteen is ten and five; two tens are twenty, and two fives are ten more, which makes thirty."

But when you give him such numbers as forty-seven and fifty-eight, or some combination which it is desirable to perform by the written process of addition, although in abstract sums he goes through long columns reaching into the hundreds of thousands, without hesitation, he is now suddenly at a loss to know what to do. If you suggest to him that he perform the operation upon his slate, he will very likely give you a blank look and ask "if it is add or subtract." The trouble is, although he knows well enough concrete addition when he comes to it, he has not yet learned to separate the abstract process from its connection with the designated objects; he knows the thing but not its name; and it does not occur to him that the complicated operation he has been taught to go through with on his slate and call addition has any connection with his present need.

This is one of the jumps which we expect our pupils to make as a matter of course; and then we complain loudly because, "although the class knew addition perfectly, half of them failed utterly on a simple problem involving but a single operation." Truly, I believe that right here is the first failure of a greater number of future mathematical incompetents than might at first be supposed possible.

A Bit of Child Study

Miss A's methods of discipline were considered a little peculiar, and her dealings with the children original to say the least.

But there was no denying the fact that she had gained a wonderful ascendancy over the little "toughs" placed in her charge.

One autumn day, there were gathered around her desk, for one purpose and another, a company of lads, mostly newsboys, with shrewd, sharp faces.

One little fellow with an especially wistful countenance had evidently been in an encounter of some description, for his right arm was done up in a sling; and there were telltale bruises on his cheek.

"My boys," said the teacher, her eyes suddenly lighting on a large, luscious Bartlett, "somebody gave me this beautiful pear to-day, as I was coming here. I want to give it to one of you. Now, all of you think for a moment, and then decide to which one it shall be."

A great stillness prevailed. No access had these poor children to overloaded boughs of the lovely fruit! No cut-glass dishes filled to their utmost capacity with autumn's favorites adorned their repasts! Finally a chorus of excited voices, relapsing alas! into their old errors of speech, sung out "Say, Miss, give it to the fellar what's hurt."

Bravo for the brave boys. All had responded except two, one, the "fellar" that was hurt, and the other a little boy named Jacob. "Well, Jacob, what do you say?" inquired the teacher. "I say, give it to me," was the response.

Such indignation as was depicted on the countenances; such eagerness to hurl their scorn on the offender! But Miss A—— motioned the children into silence. "Jacob, do you really mean that?" "Yes'm," he stoutly affirmed, "I say, give it to me." "The way I got hurt was in defending him," said the other.

"I say, Miss, please give it to me," stolidly reiterated Jacob. So the teacher, awaiting with disappointed heart the issue of her experiment, placed the pear in Jacob's hand. Thereupon the latter, without a moment's hesitation, ran to the side of his wounded companion, and with a happy face gave him the pear.

"Let us clap for Jacob, my lads," said the teacher. "And, boys, cannot we always remember to be thoughtful to the fellows that are hurt?"

Teacher — Billy, can you tell me the difference between caution and cowardice? Billy — Yes, ma'am. When you're afraid yourself, then that's caution. But when the other fellow's afraid, that's cowardice. — *Harper's Bazar.*

A Kansas girl, the daughter of a Greenwood County rancher, was sent East to school this fall. "What do you know, my child?" the head teacher asked her. "Oh, farming," the new pupil replied. "Well, tell me what is a farm?" "A farm is a body of land surrounded by a barb-wire fence," the little maid said. — *Kansas City Star.*

"Well, Dicky, did you learn anything new at school to-day?" "Yes'm: teacher says we mus' bile every drop o' worter we drink, coz there's cyclones in it, an' if we swoller 'em they'll kill us."

The New Year's Cradle

The New Year's cradle is the crescent moon,
His cradle-song an old vesperean rune,
By shrill winds sung in Heaven; as he rocks
The little stars shake out their sparkling locks,
And smiling down the softened air,
They seem to say, "All's well and fair!"

—*Edith Thomas*

After-School Talks III

M. Helen Beckwith

"The night is starry and cold, my friend,
And the New Year blithe and bold, my friend,
Comes up to take his own."

HOW shall we welcome it? Here is one way.

After the songs and the talk on the first "school morning" of the glad new year, place a crown made of gold or silver paper on the head of some "airy, fairy" little girl, fasten a string of tiny bells to each of her wrists, and let her trip up and down the aisles, scattering imaginary blessings on the little folks, who join in singing this song:

"Oh, I am the little New Year, ho! ho!
Here I come tripping it, over the snow,
Shaking my bells with a merry din,
So open your doors and let me in.

Blessings I bring to you, one and all,
Big folks and little folks, short and tall,
Each one from me some treasure may win,
So open your doors and let me in."

(From "Songs and Games for Little Ones," *Jenks & Walker.*)

The children may tell the name of the little New Year 1897, and its age.

It can be used for a number of weeks, a different child to personate the character each time, of course, and boys to be chosen as well as girls.

It adds to the interest to see how much older the year has grown each time it is played.

Months and Seasons

Is that in your printed "course of study" among the "*musts*" to be taught this first year? Have you had a procession of the months? If not, try it.

If you can afford it, buy twelve yards of coarse screen cloth — three yards of white, two of brown, two of light green, three of darker green, one of yellow and one of red.

If that seems extravagant, be content with twelve sheets of tissue paper of these colors made into soldier caps.

Now we'll choose the children. "Who has a birthday in January? Willie? He shall be January, then, and wear the white dress"— which is a yard of the white screen cloth worn as a veil.

"Who has a birthday in February? What dress shall Nellie wear? Yes, a white one."

March will wear brown, April and May, light green, June, July and August, darker green, September, yellow, as the leaves begin to turn, October, the brilliant red, November, brown, and December, white.

If you do not use the screen cloth, the children will wear the colored caps instead of veils.

And what then? Nothing but to march around the room, up and down the aisles, to a lively tune, but the "dressing up" is where the fun comes in, especially if the veils are worn.

The little New Year may lead the procession, if you like.

Let the children name the months as the veils are removed.

Try it several times during the month so that all the children may have a part in the exercise, and let February lead next month, while January is last in line.

Divide the months into seasons. Represent a whole month by choosing a child for each day, and remember special days by letting some child carry a symbol of the day to be celebrated; a heart for Valentine's Day, a hatchet for Washington's Birthday, etc.

A Weather Report

Procure an advertising calendar with large figures, and hang it down low, where the little hands can reach it.

In a box near by have some yellow, white, dark gray and light gray circles, a toothpick, and a bottle of glue.

It is a cold, snowy morning; after the opening exercises, which include a weather song, of course, the teacher says, "Who can tell me the story of the day?" "Yes, Annie." "To-day is Monday, Jan. 4, 1897. Snow." "Let us all tell it, and Annie will paste it for us."

Annie selects a white circle and pastes it over the figure 4 on the calendar.

A yellow circle means sunshine, light gray, clouds, dark gray, rain. A glance at the calendar at the end of the month tells us what the weather has been.

Morning Talks

What subject shall we choose this month? What shall be the underlying thought "that runs through all and doth all unite"?

If you have been using home and family life, add trade life now. "No one liveth unto himself." The busy workman labors for his family; the blacksmith is a father also, and "goes on Sunday to the church and sits among his boys."

Shall not the child learn that in the outside world it is in acting well his part that all honor lies?

Lead him to discover and to believe in the universal brotherhood of man, the One Family, "writ large."

We cannot represent all trades; which ones shall we select?

Kindergartners say choose *typical* ones and not *trivial* ones; choose those that show cause and effect, relation and inter-dependence, care being taken to select those best adapted to the needs of your own individual children, and those that can be best illustrated in your own room.

Apply this thought of Froebel's: Every subject presented to the child should contain an element of the old in the new, and yet be complete in itself.

If you have his "Mother Play," study the *pictures* in that book. Why do *you* think he used the ones he did?

Perhaps the nature study, with its fruits and seeds, has made the farmer's life familiar. We may review it now, illustrating by picture song and story.

The old song, "You see the farmer in the field," is good for the physical exercise, and gives the whole process, from grain-sowing to bread for breakfast.

Suppose we sew something to illustrate each trade taken up; save and mount them, and let the children have the work of the month to take home.

The miller could follow the farmer, and the baker would add another link to the chain.

Miss Poulsson's "Finger Plays" for these subjects will prove delightful, and Longfellow's "Windmill" will prove a "gem" worth learning.

We made bread in the primary classes of a large kindergarten last year, and it was easily done.

Different children donned the baker's snowy cap and apron — used in playing the game of The Baker — and took turns in putting in the materials needed and in stirring it. Not all of the forty children lent a hand, but a good many did.

Just before the session closed, it was "moulded," put into a tin, and taken home to be baked.

It was brought back the next morning, and each child had a taste. From the rapt faces I think angel cake could not have been more delicious.

Suppose the animal lessons have brought in the cow and suggested butter-making.

They made butter in that kindergarten, too. A glass fruit jar served for the churn, the janitor made a "dasher," and each child in the ring had a chance to churn.

This could not be done everywhere, perhaps, but you who can try it will enjoy it, I know.

Here is another series: The animal lessons have led us to talk of clothing, perhaps, and beside food and clothes, we need shelter.

Go into camp with the lumbermen. Sketch woods and tools on the board, and let them be drawn and cut and sewed. The logs will furnish a new cylinder, and will give added zest to the clay lessons. The end of the log, with

its rings, furnishes excellent "free-arm movement" exercises on the blackboard.

Furniture can be made in connection with the form lessons if you use pease-work and cardboard modelling, and cutting, folding and parquetry can each have a place. What *you* do not think of, the children will.

We must have coal to heat our buildings, so we will remember the miner; iron from the mines, too, for tools, and this song from the *Kindergarten Magazine:*

"'Busy miner, what a e you doing
In your deep mine all day long?'
'Iron now you see I am digging,
To make tools so good and strong.'

CHORUS

Cling clang, cling clang, this sound is ever ringing,
Cling clang, cling clang, this song is ever singing,
Pick-axe pounding, iron ever sounding,
While the miner sings his song.

Working hard and steadily ever,
Hear him striking blow on blow,
'Busy miner, send up the iron
From your deep mine far below.'"

Those animal lessons again, and the horse. He will need shoes. Who but a blacksmith will make them?

Visit a smithy, if you can, and don't forget to teach Longfellow's "Village Blacksmith."

Kindergarten song books will furnish games for this, and for the shoemaker and *our* shoes, if you wish to pursue the subject farther.

Stories

I want to plead for a "Story Morning" in the first grade room. Will not those children prize it just as much as the kindergarten children, who go around saying, "What day is this — Wednesday? Oh, oh, Story Morning! Story Morning!" in great big capital letters.

Set apart one morning, then, and *never fail* to have your best one ready for that day.

Read Susan Coolidge's "New Year's Bargain," and adapt parts of it for stories in connection with the months and seasons.

With the farmer there are the winter nature stories, for there are all kinds of trees, fruits and vegetables on his farm; animal stories, also, for there are plenty of pets, domestic animals, birds, fowls, and even "crawly" things, asleep now under Mother Nature's warm white blanket.

Do you remember the chapter in "Sara Crewe" that tells of her visit to the bake-shop, and of her generosity in giving away the buns? It is a pretty tale of unselfishness to be told with the baker.

"Vulcan" and "Nahum Prince," in the "Child's World," I like for the blacksmith, as well as parts of James Baldwin's "Story of Siegfried."

One last word. While the "doctors" are all disagreeing as to what shall be given the children for stories, wouldn't it be wiser for us — until they get the affair settled — to select those that are pure in tone, the heroes of which are striving after the good from the *child's* point of view.

It is here, I think, that such care should be taken in the selection of fairy tales, myths and fables. So often the hero apparently gains his end by cruelty, intrigue and falsehood.

Though the wise men tell us these bloody doings portray the conquering of evil, or there is some nature interpretation, are they calculated to keep the standard of *morals* where we want it?

Will they make life dearer and sweeter for the little people

"In whose hearts are the birds and sunshine,
In whose thoughts the brpoklets flow"?

All the beautiful sentiments in the world weigh less than a single lovely action.— *Lowell.*

The Broken String

(From Browning)

HELEN C. DRESSER

In that fairyland where lived our friends Epimetheus and Pandora, Quicksilver, and all the rest, it was decided to invite the singers from far and near to come and sing for a prize. Each should play, also, so he must bring his lyre.

Among those who came was a poet — a bard they called him — who sang so sweetly and well that the judges thought there could be no doubt but that he would have the prize.

But while his voice was making everyone happy, one of the seven strings of the lyre snapped in two. Must he stop? Should he lose the prize? No! A cricket flew and lighted on the broken lyre. When the player's finger reached for the broken string, what did this cricket do, but chirp! And every time the tone was wanted the cricket chirruped low and sweet.

At last the judges cried, "Take the prize. We thought your lyre was a harp, F-sharp sounded so sweet!" F-sharp was the tone the cricket had chirped!

Do you think the singer forgot his little helper when he had carried home the prize? No indeed! He made a statue of pure white marble, showing himself playing a lyre with a broken string, and cricket perched upon it.

Weaving and Number Work

Weaving seems one of the most perfect systems that could have been devised for teaching children to count and to calculate. Words are nothing to a child; it is what he sees and what he does that he remembers. He may be told a hundred times that "two and two are four," and he may even learn to repeat it — but had it been announced that "two and two were five," he would have given the statement the same credence. But when he can realize number "corporeally," so to speak, the impression is a mind-picture, and has become lasting. And since number is inherent in this occupation, it is impossible to use it and exclude the science of numbers, thus making weaving of more value mathematically than any other occupation. We have here the means for teaching the elements of arithmetic, as in paper folding we teach the elements of geometry. First, we have the unit, "over one, under one," then "over two, under two," and so on. When the mats of simple principles have been woven, the combinations of numbers included in them is easy to the child. The mat becomes his slate, or blackboard, on which he weaves out his tables in addition, subtraction, and multiplication, or simple problems, the strip "over two" meaning as much to him as the figure "two" to a child in the primary school. The mental training in calculation, which this combining of numbers gives, is invaluable. Weaving may be considered, too, as bearing the same relation to number lessons with the gifts that drawing does to the laying of forms in sticks and rings, being more abstract than counting with the blocks, and less abstract than figuring. The numerical progression in the ordinary "school" of weaving is, first, simple numbers —

over and under one, two, three, and four strips; then combinations of numbers, two and one, three and one, four and one, two and three, three and four, etc.; then papers woven in a diagonal direction, familiarly called "steps"; then patterns in repetition and alternation, and so on through designs for oil-cloths and tile floors, borders and symmetrical figures, all built on the most exact arithmetical foundation.— *Froebel's Occupations*

(*C. C. N. Envelope*)

Outline of Work for First and Second Grades

For January

Science

What foods do we eat?

Sources of foods — plants, animals, minerals. Animal foods — eggs, meat, milk and butter. Plants give vegetables, fruits and nuts. Lakes, seas and springs give mineral food.

Constituents of foods — starch, albumen, gluten and sugar. With iodine test starch. Note the effect. Test foods for starch in the same manner. Necessity of a thorough mastication of starchy foods.

Test the white of an egg and juice of meat for albumen. Squeeze the juice out of meat and strain through a cloth. Then apply heat to the liquid. Note the thick yellow substance. Test the white of an egg in the same manner.

Test for gluten by washing flour until a white, sticky substance remains.

By burning, test foods for carbon. Uses of carbon. Make a filter, using quartz sand and carbon. Put muddy or inky water through this filter.

Test for sugar. From what plants do we get sugar?

Where does water come from? Uses.

Uses of food, to build up the body. What kinds of food are best adapted to this use?

Compare summer and winter diet. Plan a dinner for summer; for winter.

Compare the Brown Baby's food with that of the Lapps.

Compare the food of each with our food.

Why are they different?

Air

Give tests and proofs of air everywhere. Experiment — Pass a funnel through a rubber cork, press it tightly into a flask, and then fill the funnel with water. What keeps the water from going into the flask? Loosen the cork. Why does the water go into the flask now?

Pressure of the air.— Paste a paper over one end of an open tube. Put the other end into water. What keeps the tube from filling with water? Prick holes in the paper. What change do you see? Why? Can we measure the pressure of air? The children will learn to read the barometer.

Effect of heat on air.— Partly fill a balloon with air and immerse it in hot water; note the effect.

Currents of air.— Discover the direction of air currents. Uses of air currents in heating a room. Hold a paper over a register or before a grate. Place a candle before a window, above and below. What causes the difference in direction of the flame? With thermometer test the air in the upper and lower part of the room. What happens to the heated air? Where should a register be placed?

Last month the children collected carbonic acid gas from decaying plants and other sources, and noted the effect of limewater upon it. Breathe into limewater. What has caused the change? What will happen to the air in the room? How can we keep the air in a room pure?

By experiment, determine the amount of air taken at each inhalation. Graduate a bottle in pints. Invert the empty bottle in a pan of water. Inhale through a tube, one end of which is in the bottle. The inhalations are measured by the amount of water, which takes the place of the air inhaled.

Wind

Air in motion — wind. Work of the wind, pushes ships, turns mills, carries seeds, etc. The study of wind in relation to the formation of snow-drifts. Conditions for the formation of snow-drifts. The relation of snow-drifts to houses, fences, trees, etc. The effect of wind on soil.

Notes From a County Superintendent

(*The Western Journal of Education*, San Francisco, publishes a series of "Notes" of school visiting, made by a county superintendent in California. They contain so much that is applicable to every county in every state in the Union, that two or three extracts are given below for their rich suggestiveness.— ED.)

This teacher ought to be scalped! She insists on telling me how stupid some of her pupils are, and telling it right out before the school, regardless of the blushing victim's feelings. This one, she says, has been in this book *three years*, and "I can't do anything with him." "That one can't learn anything." "It's not my fault, for I've worked and worked with him. None of this family can learn well. I don't know what is the matter with them." The poor boys looked to right and left, blushed, wriggled, twisted, the picture of misery! Wicked cruelty, wasn't it? and no possible excuse for it.

This is a very remarkable school,— one of the best ungraded schools in the county. From the outside the whole school property looks as if it had cost about fifty dollars — the cheapest of rough, unpainted shanties; no fence, no tree — the only ornament a hitching-post — afar in the country, on a bare and lonesome plain. But inside — presto, change! There is a *teacher* here. She has been here three years; she has a university education; she is vigorous, energetic, and thoroughly in earnest. The room is as clean as a pin; the movements and faces of the pupils show that they are well trained and that they have every confidence in their teacher. There is a neat, well-chosen library of books that boys and girls will *read*; and the books show honest wear: and, when questioned, the children have all read books, and all have a definite idea of *what* they have read. Back of the school-house is a large, rough "lean-to," roofed by shakes. It contains water, towels, soap, combs and looking-glass. Dinners and wraps are stored there. It is large enough for calisthenic or gymnastic work. It is popular as a play-room, and seems to be the most useful part of the school. In this there is a valuable hint for other school officers. Every California school should have some sheltered place outside the school-room — some place where the children are free to play, and eat, and wash, and make a litter — where they can march and exercise, untrammeled by furniture or the restrictions of the class-room. It may be a "lean-to," cheaply built, or a handsome pavilion, painted and bright, or the old schoolhouse when a new one has been built, or a fine arbor

shaded by green vines and perfumed by roses, or even a space sheltered and walled in and overflowing by the leafy boughs of trees; but something of the kind is a necessary piece of apparatus to a real teacher nowadays, vastly more useful than fractional apples, Smith's "Completely Compendious System of Charts." Robinson's "Marvellous Cyclopedia," or any other of the extensive jimcracks which the gentlemanly and accommodating agent uses in cleaning up school treasuries.

Having looked on this picture — look now on the next!

This, like the last, is a country school, made up of sturdy, hearty boys and girls. The house is new, comfortable, handsome, with all the modern improvements. The teacher is a brand-new one, with a bundle of recommendations from back East so large that it gives one a tired feeling to *look* at it. For a time I feared she was glued fast to her seat behind the desk; but in less than an hour I discovered my error — she moved! The children tried to be good. They were apparently trying hard to keep awake, trying hard to study, trying hard to endure life until the next recess should afford a temporary relief to the slowness, deadness, tedium of that awful school-room! They were uninterested, impatient, tired of life. They were kept there only by compulsion. Their eyes were dull, their movements languid, their looks furtive. The older ones seemed longing for the day when their "education" would be over — the younger ones praying for four o'clock.

And, O my countrymen! If you could have seen her spoiling a little class of new beginners — a class of three bright little girls in red dresses and white bibs, who had started in a week ago. She called them up. They looked at the lesson and the picture with rosy, trusting little faces. "Nell has a hen," said the teacher, pointing to the advance lesson. "*Nell has a hen*," repeated the class, in concert. "It is a red pet hen," said the teacher, with finger on the next line. "*It is a red pet hen*," repeated the little parrots. And so it went on! Was it not dreadful? And, mark you, she was getting just as large a salary and had just as stable a position as the other, who was doing noble work. And she had better environments, more generous trustees, finer appliances. Of course, she ought not to be allowed to teach another day — of course, she is marring the whole future lives of innocent children; but she has a certificate, and what are you going to do about it?

The Same Thing Another Way

M. S. T.

The teacher's aim — to have an interesting review.

"How many children would like to play a game this afternoon?" asks the teacher, sometime during the morning session. The hands quickly respond and it is an unanimous vote. To further stimulate the interest, give out small pieces of paper in the morning and tell the class to put them carefully away as they will be needed in the afternoon game.

In the afternoon, tell the pupils to write their names nicely on the papers. This will save the teacher some work if she has not a set of cards already prepared and makes the children feel that the game is more of their own making.

Collect papers. The teacher selects one and reads the name, Annie Shaw. Annie comes forward, picks out a paper and reads the name. The child responds by taking his place at the board under the figure 1.

Annie continues until a dozon children are at the board. Then the teacher holds before them in turn several small papers and each child selects one.

Number 1 has a paper which says, "Draw a right angle." Number 2, "Draw a square and its horizontal diameter." Number 3, "Draw a circle and its radius." Number 4, "Draw three parallel oblique lines." Number 5, "Quadrisect a horizontal line," etc. The papers may be made to embrace whatever line of work has been taken up.

The children should be able to read the papers as the technical names are learned in connection with the presentation of each drawing lesson.

Without reading aloud, the children proceed to work. Number 7 raises his hand and says, "I can't do it." Another name is chosen and this one takes Number 7's place. When all have finished, the children take the papers to their seats. The teacher says, "Number 1 may read his paper." The children look to see if he has done his work correctly — they are to be the judges. If he has failed, another name is selected. In this way a large number of the class participate in the game.

Number 2 is called upon, and so on until, to add variety, the teacher says, "Who can tell me what is on Number 8's paper?" The answers may differ, Number 8 acting as judge.

The children will be delighted to use colored chalk and it is particularly effective in such work as lining in a Greek cross from a square.

Reviews are necessary, though not always welcome, to the children, but perhaps the teacher can so clothe the ideas that the children will be pleased to see their old friend.

A Philadelphia Experiment

Principal George H. Cliff, of the girls' Normal school has established a unique experimental class, consisting of little boys of about the age of six years, who have thus far been taught only what is right. They have no knowledge of the wrong way of doing things. When they do make a mistake, it is not so called by the teacher. No distinction between right and wrong is drawn. Only the best models of conduct and work are persistently held before them. These they are taught to follow. The children are conscious when they do not attain to the standard, and they are taught to strive more diligently to reach it; but their failures are not called errors or condemned as wrong. Hence the children have no consciousness of wrong-doing, and having no fear of punishment for it, they do not seek to evade the results of their shortcomings. In this way it is thought the temptation to lie is eliminated. The pupils are candid and straightforward, free from the habit of evasion. The old-fashioned idea was to teach the child the nature of sin, and its consequences, with the idea that it would avoid sin or wrong-doing because of the inevitable punishment. The new plan consists in the ignoring of the existence of sin, and the inculcation of good and wholesome concepts only. As sin is but a comparative thing, after all, it seems only reasonable to suppose that the elimination of the comparisons might do away with sin, or at least all that is acquired by training and is not innate.

From the Figure. Drawn from Life. From the Art Exhibit of the Chicago Public Schools.

Indian Child-Life

(Adapted from Alice C. Fletcher in *The Outlook*)

(To tell the children)

The first home of an Indian baby is his mother's arms; when he is not nestling close to her he is in his snug little cradle, out of which he cannot fall, and in which he can go wherever she goes, even on long horseback journeys, securely hung from her saddle-bow.

It is a mistaken notion that the child is kept tied up all the time. Every day the baby is bathed and placed on a robe or blanket near the fire to kick and crow to his heart's content; but when family cares call the mother away, he is put into the cradle with his arms free to play with the many bright beads that hang from the hoop that encircles the head of his little portable bed. If he is sleepy, his arms are bound inside, and he is hung up or laid in some safe place to have his nap out. There are many good points to the Indian cradle, and many accidents that are common with us are avoided by its use.

It is not true that Indian babies do not cry; they do, most lustily; and Indian fathers and mothers are as willing to divert or walk with the baby to quiet it as are parents of our own race. There are no lullaby songs so far as I can learn, but a strange, weird noise is made by both men and women to soothe the child to sleep — a sound like the soughing of the wind through the pines, very sleep-compelling as I have often found it, when lying in my hammock, I have listened to the old folk as they rocked the little ones in their arms.

If a child is very fretful and will not cease its wailing, then one who understands the language of babies is sent for, that the infant may tell what troubles it. Sometimes it is said that the child's name is not satisfactory, and then a new one is given.

Little boys and girls play together, often accompanying their games with songs that have been composed and handed down by children through many generations. They also imitate in their plays the life of the older people; they go upon the hunt, when the girls harness up the boys as ponies, pack upon them the play-tent poles and cover, and all sorts of bundles. The ponies are fractious, they kick and run away, and many troubles beset the little house-mother, who must manage the ponies as well as her family affairs. Then there are lurking enemies in the grass, grim warriors with trailing war-bonnets made of corn husks that bristle and fly in the breeze almost like real feathers; and the battles between the warriors who are defending the ponies, and those who have come to capture the horses and carry off the booty, are full of zest. Long spears of grass are shot back and forth, and they stick in the children's hair and clothing, so that it is quite a task to care for the wounded and straighten out things after the fight is over. Then a new scene opens, and the whilom enemies join in a peaceful hunt, or run races astride of ponies made of sunflower stalks, one flower being left near the end to simulate the ornament hanging from the bridle of a warrior's horse.

When the frost and snow come, there are new opportunities for fun. Indian children cannot go to a store and buy nice sleds, but they show no little skill in their devices to secure the same results. They cut from the river great slabs of ice which they trim into proper shape, rounding them up in front, rubbing them off smoothly, and making holes for the rope in a most ingenious way. They procure a hollow reed and putting a little water into it, they blow through it upon the ice. The water rises and falls as the child blows or draws in his breath, and gradually bores a hole through the slab. But the ice sled would be cold and slippery, so water is poured upon it and a layer of grass, rubbed fine, pressed down and frozen into place, and the sled is ready; and tucking their little robes around them, away the children go at a speed it would be hard to match by the sharp steel runners of our own boys and girls.

Within the home circle there are merrymakings for the

From the Figure. Drawn from Life. From the Art Exhibit of the Chicago Public Schools.

little ones, for the child is the open sesame of the Indian's heart. No one is too old or too dignified to show his affection and take part in amusing the children. They are privileged in many ways, but there are breaches of etiquette of which no well-bred child must be guilty. An older person must not be interrupted when speaking; a child may not pass between any one and the fire; he must not stare at a stranger nor ask his name; and he must observe the proper manner of sitting. The girl must sit on her left side with both feet drawn to the right, while the boys must squat on their heels. Snatching and quarreling are not allowed; exact truthfulness is carefully inculcated; and the breaking of a promise is taught to be the gravest of faults. The children sit on the ground about the lodge fire, or on ends of the long logs that feed the flames, unwilling to go to bed, and teasing for a story, while the women clear away the remains of the evening meal, and the young mother dances her baby in her arms. Finally the grandfather yields to the children's importunities, and the little black eyes are propped wide open as he tells how the muskrat lost his tail. As the grandfather sings, slapping his leg to keep time, up jump the children and begin to dance, bending their knees and bringing down their brown feet with a thud on the ground. The baby crows and jumps, and the old man sings the songs over and over again, until finally the dancers flag, and sleep comes easily to the tired children.

Seeing Rainbows

Miss Annie was giving a lesson in color the other day, and had hung in the window a prism which delighted the children by its magic transformation of a ray of light into a dancing rainbow, flitting here and there on floor and wall and table.

"Why, it's red and blue and yellow," cried Freddy.

"And I see green, and that other yellow," said Susie, whose bright eyes had caught sight of the green and orange, and in a moment three or four little voices cried, "Yes, and there's the violet."

So after a little talk about all the colors and the rainbow, the children were given their sewing cards and for the time the rainbow was forgotten.

Next day baby Susie's mat-weaving was trying her little temper, for the strips would not go straight and would tear, and by and by, down on the table went the little head, and big tears chased each other down her cheeks, until Miss Annie, seeing the trouble, came to her.

"Why, little girl, what's wrong with the mat? Won't the strips go straight? Let us try again."

Up came Susie's head, and with an exclamation of delight the tears were chased away by a smile as the child cried, "Oh, Miss Annie, I see such a beautiful rainbow!"

All the children looked around in surprise, expecting to see the prism hanging in the window; but no, it was gone, and Miss Annie, smiling at the wondering, upturned faces, explained that Susie's tears had caused the rainbow. "And can we see a rainbow every time we cry?" asked a little one.

"Yes, if we always remember to look for it," replied Miss Annie.— *Marion Guthie*

Be True

To conscience be true, and to man true,
Keep faith, hope, and love in your breast,
And when you have done all you can do,
Why, then, you may trust for the rest.

Fine *vs.* Coarse Work

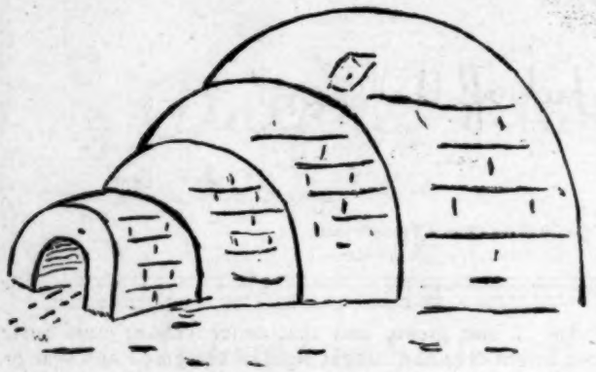
Professor Dewey says: "I do not have any practical data at hand regarding 'fine work'; theoretically, there is no doubt in my mind of its inadequacy and perverseness. I think physicians would be of one mind as to its bad effect upon the optic nerve and the motor nerves of hand and eye, leading to some strain in eye, and tendency to chorea (if in subtle form) in muscular system.

"The evil psychological effect is just as certain if not quite so obvious,—it tends to *fix*, to *arrest* imagery, and thus produce that cramping effect which you speak of having noticed. In holding attention to minute work, there is certainly a habit formed which thwarts attention of the free, easy flow it might otherwise attain. The large flow of imagery is balked in being held down so minutely and narrowly. Free coarse work gradually refining itself, seems to me the law. . . . This fine work, it seems to me, calls attention to technique *before* the idea is formed, therefore disturbing and hindering the growth of the idea. First the crude idea, then the technique in order to perfect the idea, seems to me the law."— *Fræbel's Occupations.*

(From C. C. N. S. Envelope)

The Eskimo

BELLE THOMAS



Here is the picture of an Eskimo house.

An Eskimo's house is made of blocks of snow and is called an "igloo."

What a strange looking house; where are the doors and windows?

Mr. Eskimo, why do you make your house of snow?

"Because we have no wood or brick in our cold country."

Why do you build it in this queer shape?

"We build it in this shape because it is warmer, and the wind cannot blow it over."

How do you get it so round and smooth?

"First we cut our blocks of snow where the snow is hard and smooth.

"After we cut our blocks we draw a large circle upon the snow. Sometime this circle is ten feet in diameter, sometime it is fifteen feet in diameter. We place our blocks of snow around this circle."

How large are your blocks of snow?

"Some blocks are two feet long, one foot wide and about six inches thick; some blocks are smaller. When our house is about three feet high we make a snow-bank around the inside of the house; for this bank we pack the snow very hard.

"The snow-bank is flat on the top; we use it to sleep on.

"When the house is finished we cover the snowbed with reindeer skins. A snow-bank covered with reindeer skins makes a nice warm bed.

"When the snow-bank is finished, one of us works on the inside of the igloo and the other on the outside.

"Sometimes an igloo is ten feet high, but often not more than seven feet high.

"Our house has no door. Do you see the long, low igloo in front of the real igloo? We make this little igloo low and long that it may keep out the cold wind.

"It is so low that we must creep through it on our hands and knees.

"Do you see the Eskimo creeping into this low igloo?"

Mr. Eskimo, do you always have plenty of snow for your igloo?

Ice igloo

"Sometimes we cannot find good snow and then we make our house of ice. If we wish to build an ice igloo, we find a lake where the ice is about six inches thick. We cut out large pieces; sometimes these pieces are as large as one of your house-doors.

"It takes nine of these large pieces for an igloo, and three smaller pieces for the entrance.

"These ice-boards are placed side by side upon their ends. The edges are joined and our house is nearly round.

"We put holes across the top and cover these with reindeer skins for a roof."

Here is the picture of an ice igloo?

Lists of Casts and Pictures

SUGGESTED for the first three years of school. This list of casts and pictures for school-room decoration has been prepared with special reference to the New Haven Schools, in response to frequent requests from the teachers.

The aim has been to suggest, first, pictures of general art value for enjoyment and spiritual uplifting; second, good pictures relating closely to strengthening and enriching grade work in language, literature, geography and history. Experience in school work has shown the importance of assigning definite subjects in each grade.

An effort has been made to select not only costly, but inexpensive and available pictures for each grade, so as to have something within the possibilities of every earnest teacher; the one principle being to choose only good compositions of standard artists.

Several pictures under each subject are recommended, that teachers may have a wide range within which to exercise personal choice; and also to allow a variety of material in a building containing several class rooms of one grade.

This outline is not presented as ideal or final, but simply as a list from which to make selections as opportunity offers.

STELLA SKINNER
Supervisor of Drawing

New Haven, Conn.

First Year

CASTS

General Art Culture

Madonna and Child (with head of cherub at bottom of panel)	Della Robbia
Madonna with lilies	" "
Bambini	" "
Cherub Head (detail)	" "
Madonna and Child (oval top)	Donatello
Infant St. John (bust)	"
Singing Cherubs	Modern
Infants playing with dog	Goujon
Harvesters	Glodion
Miniature Animals:	
Cat	Fremiet
Rabbit	"
Cock	"

PICTURES

Artists for special Study:
Raphael
Abbott Thayer

Immaculate Conception	Murillo
The Nativity	Müller
Madonna of the Chair	Raphael
Virgin Enthroned	Abbott Thayer

Madonna	Bodenhausen
"	Ittenbach
"	Froschl
"	Du Mond
Virgin of the Doves	Gorlich
Madonna and Chjld	Jansen
Christ Blessing Little Children	Hoffman or Plockhorst
Children of Charles I.	Van Dyck
Portrait of Child of Charles I. (detail)	" "
Children playing	Vogel
Age of Innocence	Reynolds
Port ait of Girl with Cherries	Russel
Cherry Ripe	Millais
Child Marguerite	Velazquez
Oranges (colored)	A. C Nowell
Daisies "	Mrs. Bishop
Pussy-willow "	
Buttercups "	

LITERATURE

Longfellow

Portrait of Longfellow.
Longfellow House — Cambridge.
View of Charles River.
Longfellow's Study.
Falls of Minnehaha.

R. L. Stevenson

Portrait of Stevenson.

LANGUAGE

Description, Story and Reproduction

(*a*) **Special Animals:**

Birds

The Pet Bird	Von Bremen
Feeding the Chickens	Jacques
Two Mothers and their Families	Gardner
Feathered Pets	Koppers
Fly Away!	Hirt
Doves (colored)	A. Miessner
Chicks "	"

A Cold Water Conference—(chicks) (colored).

Cats and Kittens

Family of cats	Lambert
Young Kittens	Knaus
Cats	Ronner
Family Cares	Barnes

Dogs

"Can't you Talk?"	Holmes
A Cosy Corner	Douglass
The First Step	Swinstead

Rabbits

An Interesting Family	Carter

(*b*) **General Subjects**

The First Step	Millet
Soap Bubbles	Gardner
The Improvised Cup	"
Pandora's Box	F. S. Church

HISTORIC ART

Egyptian

Simple illustrations relating to the story of Egypt. The Nile with lotus and bulrushes growing in it. Moses in the bulrushes.

Second Year

CASTS

General Art Culture

Madonna and Child (circular)	Benedetto da Maiano
Sleeping Angel	Donatello
Laughing Boy (bust)	"
Cherub Head (detail of relief)	Della Robbia
Cupid Heads (relief of three)	Flamingo
Cupids Singing (panel)	"
Infants playing with goat	Goujon

Miniature Animals:

Elephant, running	Barye
Dancing Bear	"

PICTURES

Artists for Special Study

Michael Angelo

Sistine Madonna	Raphael
Madonna Gren Duca	"
Madonna with Lilies	Plockhorst
Virgin and Child	Berrettini
Madonna, Child and St. John	Bouguereau
Holy Family	Ittenbach
Joseph and Christ	Müller
Angel Heads	Reynolds
Strawberry Girl	"
At the Fountain	Bouguereau
The Lesson.	"
Rural Music	Laufberger
Singing Band	"
Pomona	Millais
For the Squire	"
Fisherman's Daughter	Jameson
Cherries (colored)	A. Palmer
Hollyhocks "	A. E. Hardy
Tulips "	
Daisies "	

Jules Dupre

(Continued next month)

The Story of the Seal*

NELLIE LATHROP HELM City Normal School Chicago

"WHAT a beautiful new cap!" exclaimed Aunt Mary as Tom came into her room, quite forgetting where his cap should be when in her presence.

"Where did you get it?"

"Santa Claus brought it," said Tom, proudly, taking off his cap not, I fear, from politeness, but that he, too, might see its beauties.

"Where did Santa Claus get it?" asked Aunt Mary, smiling.

"I don't know," replied Tom. "I never thought about it."

"What is it made of?" asked his aunt.

"Seal skin," answered Tom, promptly. "It is just what I wanted."

"You know where seal skins are found, don't you?" asked his aunt smiling at his eager face.

"On seals, I suppose," said Tom.

"Oh, auntie," said Mabel who had followed Tom into the room, "please tell us about the seals. It would be so much nicer to know about them."

"Well," said Aunt Mary, "sit down and we'll have a little talk."

"Did you ever hear of a country," she said, when they were settled in their favorite seats beside her, "where the winters are very, very long and cold, and the sun is not seen for several months?"

"Yes, auntie," said Tom. "Greenland. Eskimos live there."

"Yes," said Aunt Mary. "I was thinking of Greenland and I thought of the Eskimos, too. What do you suppose makes it possible for them to live there?"

"I don't know, auntie," said Tom, "please tell us."

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"It is the seals," she replied.

"How?" asked Mabel.

"By being useful not only for food and clothing but for many other things they need. Every part of the seal is used for something. They have other animals but the seal is more to them than all the rest."

"I say, auntie," exclaimed Tom, stroking the soft fur of his cap, "they must look very fine if all their clothes are like this. Do all the Eskimo ladies wear cloaks like mammas?"

"Ah," laughed Aunt Mary, "the Eskimo's clothes are very different from this soft fur. Their furs are not the same as these and are prepared very differently.

Eskimo watching at a "Blow Hole"

"Here is a picture of a little Eskimo boy. Shall I tell you about him and how he lives?"

"Oh, do, auntie," exclaimed Tom and Mabel in a breath. "How funny he looks!"

"This little boy's name is Magda," said Aunt Mary. "What do you suppose he is doing now?"

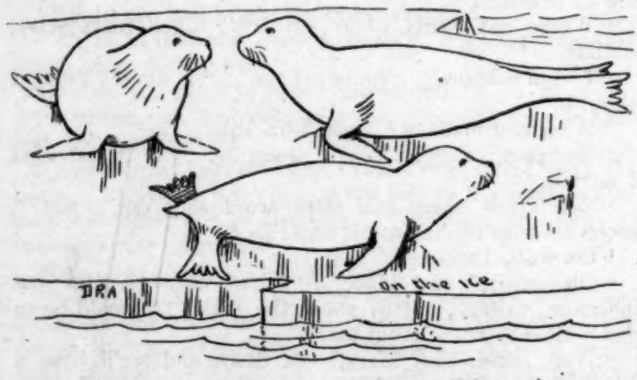
"How can we know, auntie? Please tell us," said Tom who liked being told things. Aunt Mary leaned back in her chair with a far-away look in her eyes. The children waited. Auntie was a great story-teller but they knew they must let her tell her story in her own way. It was always the best way, they thought.

Then she began:

"It is very dark, and oh! so cold, but it is not night. The only light to be seen is a faint rosy light in the south, far across a great field of ice covered with snow. Everywhere there is nothing but snow.

A group of little snow houses that could not be told from the snow field except for their form, cling to the sloping hillside.

Two Eskimos with a team of eight dogs fastened to a sledge are making their way down the snowy path to the snowfield before them. They are Magda and his father, dressed in furs from the big hoods on their heads to the clumsy shoes on their feet. Under their outer suits of fur they have another, made with the fur turned inside, and under this is a shirt made of the skins of the eider ducks with the soft downy feathers next to the body.



"Do you think that the coldest cold that ever was could get through that? It is very cold, but they do not feel it. How could they?

"'Here is a spear for you, Magda,' his father is saying.

"Magda looks so proud that I suspect it is the first time he has had a spear, although ever since he could walk he has had a bow and arrow. He is a born hunter, as all his people are."

"How old is Magda, Auntie?" asked Mabel.

"If you should ask him," said Aunt Mary, smiling, "he would say, 'I am twelve suns old.' You see they love the sun so much that they count their years by the number of times they have seen his face."

"Please go on with the story," said Tom.

"'You must ride, Magda,' the father is saying, for we may have to go a long way.'

So Magda mounts the sled that is covered with a big reindeer skin, while his father walks beside him guiding the dogs with a long whip.

"Out on the snowfield they go. The rosy light in the

Playing

south grows stronger. The short daylight is coming. To their eyes, so used to the darkness. the dim light seems quite bright. Not a word is spoken as they watch the smooth crust of the snow closely."

"What are they looking for?" asked Tom.

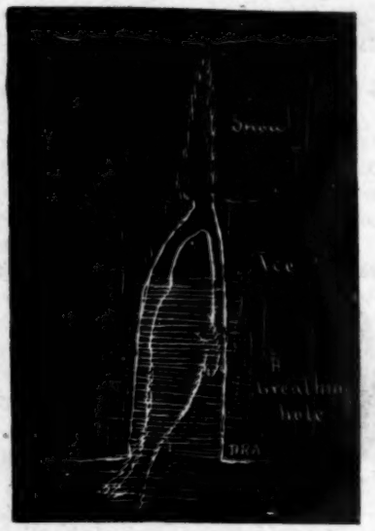
"We shall see," said his aunt.

"The small village of 'igloos,' as they call their snow houses is left far behind.

"Suddenly Magda exclaims, 'There, father, there is a hole, but it is too small to be what we are looking for.'

"'Good! Magda," cries the father. 'It is the very thing!'

"They examine it closely. It is a small round hole through the snow that extends down through the ice. It is called a 'blow hole.'"



"What made it?" asked Mabel.

"A seal," said Aunt Mary. "Seals cannot live long in the water without breathing, so during the winter they keep these little holes through the ice and snow where they may come to the surface to breathe."

"If the hole is so small how can the Eskimos see the seals?" asked Tom.

"They do not need to see them," replied Aunt Mary. "They hear them. There is no sound better known to the Eskimos than the sound of a seal 'blowing,' as they call it. The moment they hear it they strike through the snow with their spears and if they are quick enough the seal is caught." "Go on about Magda, auntie, please," said Mabel.

"While we have been talking," she said, "Magda's father has been cutting a block of the hard snow and placing it beside the hole.

"'You stay here,' he says to Magda, 'while I go and look for another hole.' He does not know how far he may have to go, for although seals can live so short a time without breathing, they swim so fast that they can go a long way in this time."

"How do they keep from breathing," asked Tom.

"They are able to close their nostrils and keep them closed while in the water. This keeps the water from going into them as well as helps to hold the breath.

"Magda draws his hood close over his head as he sits down, spear in hand, to watch. Farther and farther away goes his father. He is alone on the ice field for the first time in his life."

"Isn't he afraid?" asked Mabel.

h they have never taken before, and I do not have to thing d tell words in a sentence before it can be read.

"Yes, e there are teachers and teachers. When on it means to t. Pollard," do not look for good results in unt. Can you think ll not find them.

Yours truly, e?"

AGNES C

"Yes, auntie,

"A loud shout i He runs to him and sees him e ice, quite dead. On its nose, t part, is the mark of the spear that ha ."

"Does it look like this? e Flak , stroking his cap.

"Not at all," said Aunt M . "It is covered with a thick fur of stiff, coarse hair. This hair clings close to the body and prevents the water from soaking through to the skin. Under these coarse hairs there is a soft fur something

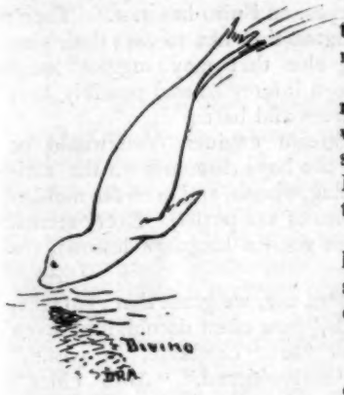
like yours in quality, but not so thick. In fact, Tom, seals such as your cap is made from do not live in Greenland. They live in Alaska. Do you know where Alaska is! The Alaska seal has coarse hairs over the fur, too, but the fur is much thicker than in the kind Madga uses."

"There is no coarse hair on my cap," said Tom.

"No," said his aunt. "When the skins are prepared these coarse hairs are scraped off. Then the fur is dyed this beautiful brown."

"Isn't it always brown?" asked Mabel in surprise.

"No," replied Aunt Mary, "it is a sort of yellowish gray. Some seals have dark spots over the gray. The one Magda is looking at is like that."



"Arn't these seals useful to anyone but the Eskimos?" asked Tom.

"Yes, indeed," was the reply. "They are the most valuable for oil, and their skins are used for leather. My pocketbook is made of that kind of seal skin."

"What will Magda and his father do with their seal?" asked Mabel, who cared most for the story.

"Let us see."

Aunt Mary paused. The children waited. "It is getting dark again now," she began. 'Let us go home, Magda,' the father says. 'We will come again next daylight.' The seal is fastened to one of the dogs and away they go.

"As soon as they reach home the work of caring for the seal is begun. The beautiful glossy coat comes off first. Under this is found a layer of fat, for the seals are usually very fat in the water, where they have plenty of food."

"What do they eat?" asked Tom.

"Principally fish," was the reply. "This layer of fat is a wonderful protection to the seals, for even when they lie on the ice it keeps them from getting cold for the cold cannot go through it."

"How strange!" said Mabel.

"What will the Eskimo do with it?" asked Tom.

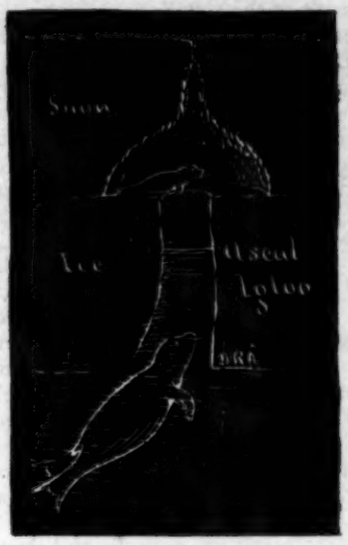
"They will use it to burn in their stoves and for lights. They will eat the flesh, being careful to save all the tendons tor thread and strings. The bones will be made into needles, spear points, nails and such things. Not any will be wasted. Such is the value of the seal to the Eskimo."

"Will they do anything to the skin before it is made into clothes?" asked Tom with admiring eyes on his cap.

"Yes," said Aunt Mary, "but it will receive very different treatment from what that has. After it is dried Magda's mother will soften the skin by chewing it all over."

"Oh, auntie, how dreadful! Is that true?" said Mabel.

"Quite true, dear," was the reply. "It does not seem pleasant, does it?"



"Do you know any more about Magda, auntie?" asked Tom looking at his picrure again. "Does he go hunting any more?"

"Often," was the smiling reply. "The days are growing longer now and many hours are spent on the ice. They have just come upon a 'blow hole' over which the crust is very thin. It breaks in easily. Ah! what is that lying on the ice in an 'igloo' of its own? It is a little baby seal whose mother has left it there while she hunts for fish to eat. In form it is like the older seals, only smaller, with round head, short neck and body, tapering to the short tail between the two hind legs. The legs cannot be seen, only the five webbed toes on each foot. Instead of the sleek fur of the old seals it is covered with a soft wool as white as snow.

"Magda has seen many seals but never one like this. He thinks it very pretty. His father tells him that all the baby seals, when very young, are covered with this white wool, but that soon this will come off and then the mother will take it into the water and teach it to swim."

"Could it not swim now?" asked Tom.

"No," said Aunt Mary, "that white wool would absorb the water and make it drown. Magda asks, 'Shall we not take it with us, father?'

"'No,' is the reply. 'It is too young to be of use to us. We will let it live another year. *Never kill a seal unless it is useful to you.*'

"That is the way the Eskimos feel about killing the seals. Madga thinks the mother will come back soon. 'Shall we not wait for her?' he asks.

"'No,' says the father, 'her baby needs her more than we do. There are plenty for us that have no babies.'"

"Do the seals always keep their babies on the ice like that?" asked Mabel.

"No," said Aunt Mary, sometimes they are born in caves among the rocks or on sandy beaches. Then the mothers usually stay with them until they are old enough to go into the water. They are very tender with their babies and take very good care of them. The fathers, too, seem to be rather proud of the little ones and enjoy watching them play together. As seals usually live in large companies there are always plenty to share in their plays."

Mother protecting her baby

"How do they play, auntie?" asked Tom.

"They leap and dive and dart about in the water, sometimes darting onto the beach or a large block of ice where they will lie for a while. Then they will scramble back into the water in their awkward way, for you know they are very clumsy on land. But when once in the water they are very graceful. They swim with equal ease and grace whether on their breasts or on their backs, sometimes twisted part one way and part the other."

"How can they see in the water?" asked Tom.

"Ah! I intended to tell you about their eyes. They are wonderfully fitted to their way of living for they have a third eyelid that they close in the water. This lid is very thin so they can see through it, but it protects the eye from the water and other things that might harm it. Their ears, too, are protected, for although they can hear quite well, there is no ear on the outside of the skin."

"Does Magda do all his hunting in the winter?" asked Mabel, who liked to keep them on the story.

"Oh, no," was the reply. "The days are growing longer. The sun is shining now. The snow is melting. The ice is breaking up and floating away over the wide blue sea. The snow houses are gone and in their place are set up the tents of skin called by the Eskimos, 'tupics'. Instead of the sledge and dogs Magda and his father are now starting out in their canoes. These, too, are made of skins. The sea is broad and blue. Far away floats a huge block of ice. But the surface is not white. It is thickly covered with dark spots.

"'See the seals, Magda,' says the father. 'They are sleeping in the sunshine. Now is our chance, but row carefully or they will hear us.'

"But the timid seals know better than to lie and sleep with nothing to warn of danger. One of their number is watching. A long, loud howl like that of a dog wakens the sleeping company. How quickly they scramble over the ice and tumble into the water.

"The Eskimos let the canoes drift. They are watching. Heavy clouds roll up from the sea. A storm is coming. It is the time of all others that seals love to play, both in the water and on the shore.

"Magda and his father draw their canoe up on the beach and from the shelter of a large rock, watch. They know what the seals will do. They have not long to wait. Soon they see them leave the water and stretch themselves upon the sand. Then they leap into the water only to scramble back upon the shore.

"What is that out among the dashing waves? It is gone. Again it is seen, this time nearer the shore. It disappears. Suddenly the huge form of a white bear springs out of the water and rushes upon the helpless seals. What a terror they are in when they see their greatest enemy rise up between them and their only place of safety! The bear — but I must tell you of the bear another time."

"Oh, no, auntie," exclaimed two eager voices, "please tell us now."

"Not to-day," she said smiling. "That will keep until you come to see me again."

Facts in Story

Where seals are found. Use of seal to the Eskimos.
Mode of hunting seals in winter — how found.
Winter house of Eskimos called "igloo."
Summer house called "tupic." The "blow-hole" of the seals.
How and why they come to these holes.
Nostrils closed in water. Eyes and ears of seal.
Nose most sensitive part.
Description of hair seal of Greenland — uses of.
The Alaska seal, the fur seal. Preparation of fur skins.
Preparation of skins by Eskimo. Appearance of old seals.
Appearance of young. Care of young — where born.
Seals gregarious animals.
Awkwardness on land.
Ease and grace in swimming.
Where seals are found in summer.
Signal in danger—timidity of seals.
Seals sleep in sunshine, play in storm.
Food of seal.
Enemies of seal — white bear, man.

References:

"Life of Animals." *Brehm.*
"Natural History." *Figuier.*
"Natural History — Mammalia." *Wood.*
"Animal Life" *Wright.*
"My Arctic Journal." *Mrs. Peary.*
"Children of the Cold." *Lieut. Frederick Schwatka.*
"Encyclopœdia Britannica."

sun so much that they count their years by the numbe times they have seen his face."

"Please go on with the story," said Tom.

To t You must ride, Magda,' the father is say ve to go a long way.' otice an article

on Prim agda mounts the sled that is coming, *vs.* Imaging."

As a pri in, while his father walks beexperience I would like to say a long whip.

When a pri snowfield they go, before her class with a deserted nest, or p olley dog or a sheep in her hand, to extol its virtu , get the children to talk about the kittens at home, do you think the child's mind is filled with any great amount of poetry or art? Granted that he talks, and when he has been in school six months he knows possibly one hundred script words, no print, and in an ordinary first six months vocabulary no words that have any relation phonetically speaking to one another.

He absolutely has no more power to find a word for himself than he had when he left the kindergarten.

Every truthful teacher will acknowledge that after the first month, the children do not listen with quite the absorbed attention that they did at first.

Now as to "Pollard," it is nothing but systematized phonics, and Miss Thomas believes in phonics.

The poor old "Johnny Story" has had to bear the sins of the world figuratively speaking. It has been held up to ridicule and treated as if it were the only thing, or at least the principal thing in the whole system, whereas it has no more to do with the real system than a toy dog has with the sentence method. In fact it is to the system what objects are to our approved systems, no more, no less, and does not occupy over three weeks of a primary child's attention; then he is ready for business. Just for a moment look at poor Johnny in a different light from that which his enemies take.

For instance look at the stencil which goes with the sound of D. A charming little dove cote. Now when we talk about that, we speak of birds that have houses in trees, ask if anybody ever saw such a house on the way to school. You will soon see who has eyes, and who has not. Then; Where else do doves live; what do they like to eat; their size, color, habits and anything else that may suggest itself. Possibly children haven't been interested and possibly they do not look for houses in trees and barns.

Take the *ch* sound, a steam engine. You would be astonished if you could hear the boys discourse on the various parts, the fire-box, cab, flag, wheels, and even the number on the engine. Then the uses of the parts. Every stencil can be made the subject of as good a language lesson as a leaf, flower or cube.

As for the words they seldom use, we grant that; but take, "Little Folks of Other Lands," how often do children seven years old have occasion to use "celebrate," "pasha," "Bodvilly," "Zumetta," "embroidered," "Arab chief," "garlands," or "desert?" Or take "Seaside and Wayside." Do you find second grade children in inland cities using "conch," "enemies," "insect," "cruel?" Do these same children discriminate fiddlers, horse shoes and hermits? do they take a vital interest in drills? Well, perhaps —. At any rate if this be good for them a second grade class of mine took "Seaside and Wayside," as sight reading, getting the sense, and telling each day what they had read.

At present the same class are reading "Little Folks of Other Lands," and contrary to all precedent, according to our detractors, they told me to-day the story of the "Lapland Baby," before one word had been read orally, and to-morrow, I shall exact the same thing of "Muggerditch."

When we learn to play the piano, we do not expect to make grand harmonies at first; we expect to drudge until we get power over over our fingers and command of the written score. No one expects a tune the first lesson.

It has never been made plain to me why, if a child does not have to grope for his words, but absolutely knows them, he cannot put his whole mind to getting the thought.

This is not written after a month's trial of phonics but after two years of good hard work on it.

The children take pride in getting their reading lessons

which they have never taken before, and I do not have to stop and tell words in a sentence before it can be read.

Of course there are teachers and teachers. When one says, "I hate Pollard," do not look for good results in that school. You will not find them.

Yours truly,
AGNES CARNEY.

The Magic Flakes

They lighted on a little girl's hand,
Half a dozen or more,
But the pretty snowflakes did not know
They had seen that child before.

They had rested once, on a summer's day,
In her tiger lily's cup.
Till the sun sent down a little ray
That quickly drank them up.

Some winter morning clear and cold
She may see them yet again
Changed by the frost-elf's magic wand
To a picture on the pane.

— *Sunday School Times*

Natural Phenomena Lessons II

ANNA M. CLYDE Landreth School Philadelphia

Wind

(*Object of Lessons.* To lead children to observe currents of air, and to inquire as to their cause and use.

Indircet Object. To develop the imagination, and increase the child's power of expression, by training him to combine thoughts given in good poems and stories, with the results of his own observation.)

The influences that modify the direction and intensity of the winds are so complicated that it is impossible to make them clear to children. There is, however, one fundamental principle which suffices to explain the *origin* of wind, and which can, by aid of experiment, be comprehended by them.

To Show Wind is Moving Air

Experiment.— In winter, open the door between two adjoining rooms, one of which is colder than the other. Place a lighted candle in the open doorway, near the top, and another on the floor, directly beneath it. The flame of the upper candle bends in an outward direction. That of the lower candle bends inward.

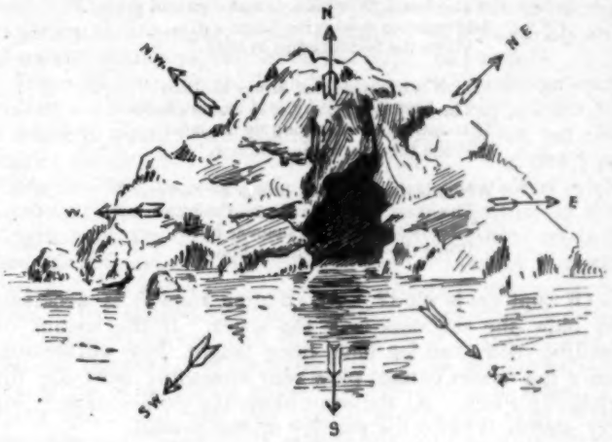
Let the children carefully observe this. Then comes the inquiry as to the cause. Let us see whether we cannot find it out. "What causes the flames to bend at all?" "The air, you say. Well that is partly right." "Close the door. Now both flames are vertical. Open it slowly — watch carefully. Ah, see there goes the upper flame over to look out into the hall, and the under one is turning round to look in at us. Now if the *air* causes the flames to act like this what must it be doing?" "Moving." "Of course; but is all the air moving in the same direction?" "No, that in the upper part of the room is moving out into the hall, and that in the lower part of the room is moving *in* from the hall." "Which air is the warmer, that in our room or that in the hall?" "The room air." "Then which air rises the higher!" "The warm air." "That is always true. Warm air always rises into the upper part of a place, and it always tries to get into a cooler place, if that is possible. As it moves out the air moves in lower down. What would we generally say those flames are doing?" "Blowing, I think most of us would say." "Then what shall we call moving air?" "Wind." "Now let us pretend the earth is one great big house, with five rooms in it, only we will not have any dooos to open.

Such a wind comes along it carries away all the boys' kites and the girls' hats. What do you think made it? I know you can find out if you think of last term's geography." Hands are eagerly raised, and the right answer comes forthwith. "Some parts of the earth are very hot and some are very cold. The air from the hot places moves into the cooler places. That from the cooler places moves in to get warm." The children had thus learned all they need know of the fundamental principle of the origin of winds.

"When two neighboring regions are at different temperatures, a current of air flows from the warmer to the colder in the upper strata of the atmosphere, and in the lower strata, a current flows from the colder to the warmer."

To emphasize the fact that warm air ascends — let the children blow soap-bubbles, or place finely cut papers, feathers or thistle down over the register. We tried all these, but soap-bubbles please the little folks most. They know the bubbles are filled with air from their mouths. Blowing on their hands tells *that* air is warm. The rest is plain enough. The bubble being filled with warm air, ascends.

Tell the story of Æolus and the Winds.



The cave of Æolus

Once upon a time, in a cave on an island, far out in the ocean, lived Mr. Æolus and his eight little boys and girls. The boys' names were North Wind, South Wind, East Wind and West Wind. Now I'm going to let you guess the girls' names. These little folks didn't have as good a time as you have, for the father let only one of them go out at a time, to play. That wasn't much fun was it? And do you know sometimes it was many, many days before some of the children got out at all.

Now we'll be Mr. Æolus. Here is our home (drawn on the board.) Whom will we let out first?" "North Wind." "Here he comes. We will put his name to him." "Now call out one of his sisters." "North-east Wind." "There she goes." "Now we'll let the winds all out as quickly as we can, writing each one's name as he or she goes out."

This reviews the directions from which the various winds blow. Ask the children what shows the direction of the wind, and nearly all can tell about the weather vane.

To Teach the Use of the Weather Vane

Make a vane for the children to use in the room. This is very easily done. Insert a brass or wooden rod in the center of a circular piece of the same material. Near the top bore two holes at right angles to each other. Through these pass two knitting needles. On the ends place the appropriate letters made of wire or pasteboard. Cut an arrow from a chalk box lid, (or use a feather.) Run a pin through it and fasten to the top of the rod.

This is a most excellent device for fixing in the minds of the children the points of the compass, as well as for training them to observe the wind *blowing*, and the frequent changes in the *direceion* from which it comes.

As soon as the vane is finished, it is well to take a reading lesson which will teach the children how to use it. North, South, East, West, in the Franklin Third Reader (page 120) is a most excellent lesson for that purpose. Since reading

the lesson my children observe the vanes outside, and report each session, the direction of the wind. A child then sets the room vane similarly. After they had observed that the flag in the school yard floats out in the opposite direction to that in which the vane points, a flag was fastened to the rod, and when the vane is set it is properly floated.

Tell the story of "Odysseus and the Bag of Winds," (In the Child's World.) To aid the children in finding out the hurtful winds let them read "Trying to Please Everybody," (Franklin Reader page 90,) and tell them the story of "The North Wind at Play," (in the Child's World) or "What the Winds Bring," (Nature in Verse, *Mary Lovejoy.*)*

What the Winds Bring

"Which is the wind that brings the cold?"
"The North Wind, Freddy, and all the snow,
And the sheep will scamper into the fold,
When the North begins to blow."

"Which is the wind that brings the heat?"
"The South Wind Katy; and corn will grow,
And peaches redden for you to eat,
When the South begins to blow."

"Which is the wind that brings the rain?"
"The East Wind, Arty, and farmers know
That cows come shivering up the lane,
When the East begins to blow."

"Which is the wind that brings the flowers?"
"The West Wind, Bessie, and soft and low
The birdies sing in the summer hours,
When the West begins to blow."

Of what *use* is wind? All children know it is necessary to blow the sailboats over the water. If the lessons on melting snows and ice have been taught they will reason, since the farmer cannot plow *mud* something must dry the ground for him. As the wind blows the clothes on the line dry, so too, it helps the sun dry up the ground.

A suggestive question about the work of wind in autumn, and they can tell how it plays with the leaves, getting the trees ready for winter, covers the ground with them to help keep the roots and seeds warm, blows the nuts down from the great trees in the forest, as well as apples and pears from the orchard trees. "How the West Wind Helped Dandelion," (in the Child's World,) shows in a pretty way how the wind aids in seed distribution.

Tell the "Story of a Breeze," (same book) as far as the part about the windmill.

Then show pictures of windmills and tell of work done by them in Holland. Have the children read "The Windmill," by Henry W. Longfellow.

If the children are far enough advanced have them memorize selections from "The Four Winds," (Hiawatha).

In using the stories *tell* them. If you have not learned how so do this, learn now, for the story-teller unlike the poet, is *made* as well as *born*. The teacher who stands before her class with no barrier or book or paper between them and herself, but gives out her story glowing with the warmth of her own appreciation and enjoyment, will make her lesson a thousand times more attractive, real and personal than anything read from a book could be made.

The story will become a part of the child's experience giving him a love of reading and developing in him the germ of a taste for good literature.

Do not let the effect of the wind lessons be lost; make their influence extend through the time the children are under your care. By comparing the weather with the wind blowing they will soon become fairly good little weather prophets. This teaches it own lesson — trains them to feel.

"Whatever way the wind doth blow,
Some heart is glad to have it so,
So blow it east, or blow it west,
The wind that blows — that wind is best."

*Silver, Burdett & Co., Boston.

Children's Interest in the Æesthetic

(From Prof. M. V. O'Shea in *Child Study Monthly*)

OUR returns in all studies were examined in the first place to discover what they indicated as to the interest of children in things æsthetic. In the study upon pictures, one having marked æsthetic characteristics was shown to the children together with one where the æsthetic elements were not so prominent, and they were asked to choose which they preferred, giving reasons therefor; and this was repeated a number of times in the oral tests with different pictures. In choosing between black and white and colored pictures, children of all ages from four to fifteen seem never to hesitate to choose the latter, if the subject is the same or nearly so in both. Many say in explanation of their choice simply that they like them because they are colored; others say they are prettier, and a great many that they look nicer. Some say that colored pictures look more natural, more life-life, and so on. All reasons seem to indicate that plain black and white pictures create but little warmth of feeling comparatively. Whenever black and white is chosen rather than the color, it is practically always because some special characteristic, some particular object in the picture has peculiar interest for the individual. In the papers received from one school, where most of the children choose black and white pictures, the reasons given were that they were "plainer;" and it seemed altogether likely that the teacher, for some reason, was prejudiced against color, and doubtless unconsciously impressed her feeling upon the children.

It seems possible to say, and this is by no means new, that color in a picture universally claims a child's attention over black and white. The question may be asked in this connection why illustrative pictures in children's books should not be colored to represent life in so far as possible. This would not only be a helpful tonic to a child's emotions, but would also appeal to his attention as the comparative coldness of black and white cannot.

Our returns show that children up to twelve years of age are greatly interested in another form of the æsthetic, that which is designated in the child's language by the terms "cunning," "cute," or by some similar term. Pictures of animals, as cats and dogs, performing interesting and cunning tricks were shown the children, and they always received not only the votes but also a most lively reception on the part of the children, no matter what sort of pictures were competitors, except in the two cases of a mother and a little babe, and Santa Claus. Children seem always to pick out a baby, a kitten, or a puppy in a picture, and usually say they like it because it is cunning; sometimes lovely, dear, or sweet. The elements of brightness, kindliness, affection, and beauty, comprised in the term "cunning," appear to lay claim at once to the child's whole personality; and this seems to be a most unselfish interest, indicating the child's love of and need for what is joyous, happy, and withal good and beautiful. If the self is involved here at all, it can only be that these cunning objects revive memories of similar objects with which the child has engaged in play, or suggest to him occasions for immediate or future play; and it is doubtless true that those feelings which have become centered round an object are readily revived in the child-heart by that thing in representation.

But while children thus appear to love color and things cunning, the æsthetic in the highest sense does not seem to appeal to them. A number of beautiful portraits, scenes, and landscapes reproduced from the best paintings, were shown in connection with commonplace views of water-falls, of a child and dog frolicking together, and similar pictures; and the masterpieces received scarcely any attention at all. The falls had a greater interest for the children of Buffalo, because it was thought to be Niagara Falls; and many also liked to see water flowing. The little girl and dog, which she was striving to make talk, were exceedingy interesting because they were so cunning. A fine portrait of Mozart

was chosen by a large number of children over a colored view of Pike's Peak and surrounding region, simply because they thought him to be George Washington. A beautiful picture by William Kray, representing a love scene and entitled "In the Moonlight," was chosen by many children above the third grade; but in giving their reasons they said they liked the boat, or they liked to be upon the water themselves, or they liked to see the moonlight upon the water, but never that they thought the actors or the scene itself beautiful. A photograph of Mother and Child compared with the Madonna will gain the favor of all children except those who have in their homes been taught that the Madonna is the mother of Christ; and such children we found always spoke of her in the most tender and reverential manner. It was the same way with St. Anthony and the Christ-Child; the few who chose this picture said that St. Anthony looked like the Savior. Most children said that in the picture of the Mother and Child the little babe was so cunning, so pretty; a few that the mother seemed so affectionate, and a half dozen gave as their reason that it was a photograph. So it seems probable that what the adult gains in thought and feeling when he sees in a picture a beautiful face, or form, or landscape, or combination of these, is most often missed by chlldren. Perhaps the explanation is that appreciation of what is beautiful in the highest sense depends upon a wealth of experiences which the child cannot possibly possess. The adult doubtless discerns in the truly beautiful more than perfection of form and ideal harmony of color; he sees back of these to the spiritual qualities of which they are the visible expression; and thus his idea of the beautiful is exceedingly complex. It awakens many memories, which have become deeply associated with rich emotions, and all of this is probably beyond the young child. The question is suggested in passing whether there may not now be a tendency to expect too much from the influence of the best art in the class-rooms of the very young. A painting or a bit of sculpture that is inspiring and elevating to the adult will not, in all probability, have anything like the same effect upon the child. What one gets out of a piece of art seems to depend almost wholly upon what he brings to it; and in so far as we wish to keep the æsthetic in representation before children, it should be in the form of brightness and cheer in color and that which is described by the term "cunning." The portrayal of beautiful objects which the child can appreciate, as flowers for example, will also awaken refining and elevating responses in him, and it seems highly probable that these, in a way, simple things will have a greater effect upon young children than reproduction of the greatest masterpeices, judged from the adult standpoint.

Is This True?

The childhood of the race and of the individual alike delight in the marvellous. A very little time spent in the nursery will convince one of the wisdom of allowing the imagination free play in books. Of course the grotesque should never become coarse or vulgar, and nothing which would tend to make children cruel or careless of suffering should be permitted. In considering the effect upon children of such stories as "Jack and the Bean-stalk," and similar tales, one must bear in mind the fact that children almost never interpret them literally. For instance, in the story mentioned, *Jack's success is founded upon a direct act of disobedience to his mother;* if in the mind of the child, the relation between Jack and his mother were the same as the relation of the child to his mother, this story would be very objectionable. But no such idea is presented to the child; *if he thinks of the mother at all, it is in no way as resembling his own mother, and worthy of love and obedience.* The mother in the story is simply an obstacle in Jack's way, and passes out of the mind as soon as the obstacle is conquered.— *Sel.*

The Sun Dial

With a running hand I mark Time's rapid flight
From Life's glad morning to its solemn night;
Yet thro' the dear God's love, I also show
There is light above me, by the shade below.

— *Whittier*

"Ye Dinna Ken Hoo to Speer 'em"

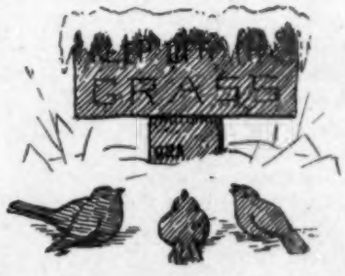
H. Avis Perdue Chicago

ONE hears again and again and often from the lips of earnest, hard-working teachers, such remarks as these: "My children are so dull, I questioned them on that subject and they sat like so many little graven images," or "Really mine are the very dullest set I ever saw." I even heard the other day of one teacher who asked her children question after question while they sat in "mute, inglorious" silence, and there was company in the room, too. Fancy that. When I hear these sad complainings, when these sad experiences are mine, I am reminded of a story I heard years and years ago, and which has done me good.

Once upon a time an Englishman and an Edinburgh man visited a school in a little Scotch village. They expressed a desire to question the children on the Scriptures, but the master shook his head dubiously and said, "I'm afraid ye dinna ken hoo to speer 'em." However, the visitors were confident of their abilities in the speering line, so the Englishman arose, and addressing the flaxen-haired lads and lassies, said: "Children, can you tell me how Pharaoh died?" No answer, only bewildered looks from the children. The Edinburgh man came to the rescue, and asked coaxingly, "Children, can you tell me how Pharoah died?" Still no response. Whereupon, the master, jealous for the reputation of his school called out, "What cem to Pharoah's latter end?" and with one accord the answer came, "He was drooned," one laddie adding in tones of lofty scorn, "Hoots, sir, onny lassie could hae telt ye that." "There," said the triumphant teacher, "I told ye, ye dinna ken hoo to speer 'em." The dominie was right; he spoke to his children in the language they understood and the response came. How often we fail to adapt ourselves to our children! Our questions are too often beyond their comprehension. The knowledge is there, but not knowing how to "speer" them, we fail to bring it to light.

Again, questions are often vague, they lack directness, and our children's minds go wandering like one of old, "up and down the earth and to and fro in it," vainly seeking for the answer they think we want. Such questions as these for young children are productive of nothing but guessing and wandering of thought. "What does this look like?" presenting a leaf or a shell, or "Can you tell me about this?" showing a picture or flower or an apple.

A short time ago I had the pleasure of hearing a well-known educator question a little six-year-old on the wonders and glories of the circus parade he had seen the day before. Such questions as these made his lovely eyes grow bigger and brighter. "What did the elephant have that no other animal has?" "Which animal looked most like a cat?" Plain, direct, yet skilful questions cannot fail to bring forth plain, direct, thoughtful answers. There is an old Persian proverb which says "Diving and finding no pearls in the sea. Blame not the ocean, the fault is in thee." How rich is the reward of the skilful diver!



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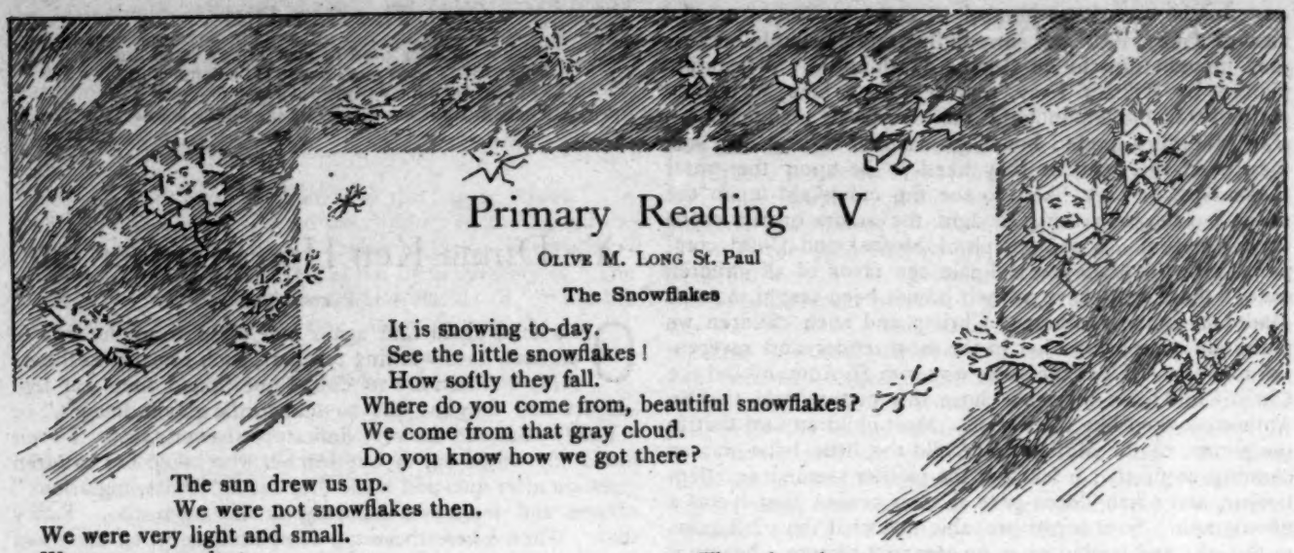


Primary Reading V

OLIVE M. LONG St. Paul

The Snowflakes

It is snowing to-day.
See the little snowflakes!
How softly they fall.
Where do you come from, beautiful snowflakes?
We come from that gray cloud.
Do you know how we got there?
The sun drew us up.
We were not snowflakes then.
We were very light and small.
We were water-dust.
But it was cold in the cloud.
That made us cling to each other.
That made us heavy.
We were too heavy to stay in the cloud.
Then Jack Frost came.
He touched us.
He changed us into snowflakes.
Then we fell from the cloud.
Do you see our beautiful white dresses?
Each dress has six points.
Can you count them?
We are like little stars.
We will cover the sleeping grass.
We will cover the little seeds.
We will keep them warm all winter.
See how fast we come!
See how we fill the air.
You can make a snow-ball of us after school.

Agoonak

Here is little Agoonak.
She lives in the cold North.
She lives among the ice and snow.
Agoonak has a round, fat face.
Her hair is black.
She wears a little jacket.
She wears little trousers.
They are made of white bear-skin.
She wears boots of seal-skin.
What a funny dress!
Do you see her low house?
It is made of stone.
It has one low door.
You must creep to get in at the door.
It has one window.
Inside it is very warm.
There is only one room.
Here Agoonak plays with her little brother.
There is a stone lamp in the center of the room.
There is a stone bench.
This bench is the table.
It is the bed and chairs.
It is all the furniture.
Agoonak lives where the winter is very long.
She can not see the sun in winter.
It is always night.
But she can see the moon and stars.
She can see the northern lights.
The summer is very short.
Then she can see the sun all night.
Would you like to live with Agoonak in her little stone house?

Nature locks up so many of her treasures through the winter months, to protect them from the cold, that it is hard to get at much of the out-door life, but her glittering armor, — the ice and frost and snow — form in themselves a long line of interesting subjects. And it is also now, in the depth of winter, that the children can come nearest to understanding what life must be like in the far away lands of the north, where the little children of the cold live for so many months in the icy grip of winter.

The lessons on the snow should be preceded by a series of preparatory lessons in which the children discover for themselves, by actual experiments, the facts about the different forms of water. The story of the rain logically comes first, whether or not there is a reading lesson about it.

First an oil-stove is brought into the room. Then a pan or kettle is partly filled with a measured quantity of water (the teacher superintending, but the children *doing*,) and put upon the stove, which is then lighted. The children all know, of course, what is going to happen — have they not seen it at home a hundred times? — but to have such a delightfully unusual occurence *in school* invests it with a new interest, that makes them ready to think out the "why" in a fact that they had probably accepted unthinkingly heretofore.

When the water boils, a slate held over the mouth of the kettle will show, in perhaps the plainest way, that the moisture is deposited on its cold surface, — how, when held still longer, the tiny drops begin to collect into larger ones, which finally become so large and heavy that they roll down the slate, and even drop upon the floor; — and the children have the evolution of a rain-shower in a nut-shell, — or in a school-room.

Then the water left in the kettle may be again measured, to confirm the experiment, and the children will be able to tell you where the missing quantity has gone.

This may be supplemented in other ways, — by showing the same thing on a cold window-pane, and by noticing how the moisture in the breath of animals and men becomes visible on frosty mornings. They may leave a saucer of

water in the school-room to evaporate, and talk over what has become of the water in the sponges when they "dry," and in the clothes hanging out on the line; and why when the blackboards are washed, those near the register should dry so much more quickly than those near a cold window.

The children probably greeted the first filmy cloud from the kettle by a variety of names, — steam, or smoke, or a cloud, — but the proper names may be given, — *water-dust* for the visible cloud, and *vapor* when it has disappeared and floats invisibly in the air. But it is, of course, the *truth* which is the important thing — that the heat (under the name of heat-fairies, if you wish, and if it helps to make it more vivid to the children,) has sent the water off into such tiny particles that they can float in the air and not even be seen till the cold brings them together again.

The case is easily transferred to the outside world, where the sun is the heat that dries up the water from all the lakes and streams and oceans, which the cold changes first into clouds (great masses of water-dust) and then into little drops, which, as more and more of them join to make larger drops, grow too heavy to be held up in the air, and must fall to the earth as rain. And if the drops should meet Jack Frost on the way? Then they would be changed to hail-stones, of course. But if he should come to touch them while they were still in the form of water-dust and had plenty of room to freeze into any beautiful shape they chose? Ah, *that* is how the wonderful snow-flakes are made! And how strange it is, and how beautiful, that the shape they always choose has just six points or sides, — never one little snow-flake with another number, unless they have been broken off in their flight.

Then the children write their little stories about it, sew the snow-flakes (enlarged) on colored cards with white worsted, and cut them from paper; and while the reading lessons are given on the board, the whole thing may be woven into a game which will form a review, — the room representing a lake and each child a particle of water, except several who represent the sunbeams and Jack Frost.

Jack Frost takes his position at the north side of the room (*by his own selection,*) and the sunbeams flit about the room, "shining" upon various particles of water-dust (perhaps twelve children) who rise and "float" about the room, then join each other by twos and by threes; and then Jack Frost comes flying down to lightly touch them, and change them into snow-flakes, and *they* must know how many points (and consequently how many children,) each flake must have. (If the children stand in a ring, back to back, their joined hands stretched forward will form the points.)

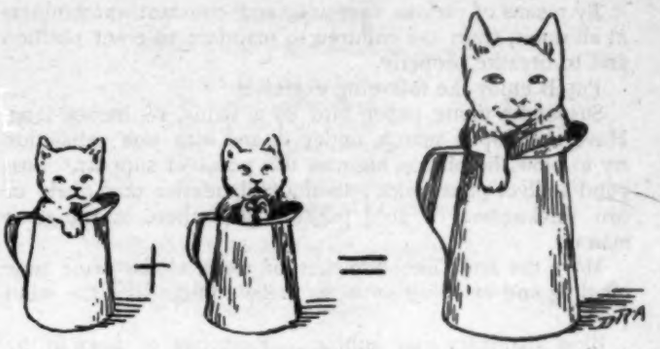
Then for the Agoonak stories. Another name would do as well, — this one has been taken from the heroine of the chapter on "the Esquimau sister" in Jane Andrews' "Seven Little Sisters," which every teacher knows so well. The teacher should first study the subject in this book and others, ("Quiquern" in "The Second Jungle Book," and various back numbers of the *St. Nicholas,*) until she has more information than she could tell the children in a month, of how the little Esquimaux live their shut-in life in the cold, — of their family life, their games, and their drives in the sledges drawn by the wonderfully intelligent dogs; something of the country, too, and the animals that the hunter-father catches.

From all this she makes an outline of what she wishes to give to the children, perhaps:

1 The country, and its seasons.
2 Agoonak's appearance and dress.
3 Her house — outside and inside.
4 Her friends and their play (in summer and winter).
5 Their occupations (hunting).
6 The animals.

and decides just what she will say about each topic. Then, starting with a sketch on the blackboard of Agoonak and her odd house, she tells it to the children, a part at a time, and they re-express it, in oral language, of course, and as well as they can in written language.

They can build the house in clay, or at the sand-table, or most delightful of all, make it at recess and noons from the drifts of snow in the school-yard; for in some localities the Esquimaux build their houses of snow blocks (lined with skins) instead of stone. The sewing and free cutting may be used as before, and the sled may be constructed (cut from paper and pasted) in a dictation lesson.



Two pints make one quart.

All Wrong

One of the boys brought home his arithmetic lesson, and his mother, after watching his struggles for a time in silence, offered to help him.

"Oh, no," said he, with a look of scorn, "you can't do it to save you." As the mother was a college graduate she naturally felt somewhat nettled at this, and insisted upon her ability to solve the problem. She did so to her own satisfaction, but not to the boy's. He declared that she did not do it right, though he could not tell what was wrong.

"We'll leave it to papa," said she finally. The father, too, was a college graduate and had taken high honors in mathematics. The father said that the mother's method was the right one, and indeed the only one. Unconvinced the boy went off to school the next morning. At noon he came home triumphant.

"There, I told you so!" he shouted as he entered the house. "You did it wrong."

"What was the matter?" both parents asked.

"Well you left out two *sinces* and a *hence*," was the convincing reply.—*Sel.*

Needs of the Body

Air

Suggestions: Make the children realize the presence of air by appealing to their senses, *e.g.*, have the pupils wave their arms rapidly, use a fan, stand at the open window, and thus feel the air; call their attention to the movement caused by the air, notice windmills, toy balloons, soap bubbles, bits of down, leaves of trees, clouds, etc.; have them listen to the sounds made by the air for one or two days and report — in the pines, down the chimney, the telephone wires, etc.; above all, train the pupils to notice the odors with which the air is laden — in the spring, in the summer, in the fall, at the seashore, etc.

Thus they will be gradually trained to perceive the condition of the air and to love pure air in every room or building into which they have occasion to go. The boy that loves pure air will object to breathing air laden with tobacco smoke; he will never be guilty of taking the smoke directly into his lungs.

Consider the uses of air — how plants, animals and man need it in order to live; its use as a motor power.

Have the pupils learn by observation, inquiry, or by reading, how the different animals breathe, *i. e.*, simply the first step in respiration — how air is taken into the body, by insects, fishes, frogs, birds, etc. Teach that air on entering the nose passes into the lungs. Show the children the lungs of a chicken. Show a picture of human lungs. Tap

the chests of several children; notice the sounds produced; outline the position of the lungs in several children. Thus children in the lower grades may gain a general but correct idea of the lungs in regard to number, position, shape and appearance. Details in structure and respiration should come later.

By means of various exercises and constant watchfulness at all times, train the children to maintain an erect position and to breathe properly.

Pupils enjoy the following exercises:

Suspend a tissue paper bird by a string 18 inches long. Have the pupils march under it and with one exhalation try to blow the bird as high as the point of support. Suspend a silver paper bird; then a still heavier one made of two thicknesses of gold paper. Blow these in the same manner.

Move the arms like branches of trees, at the same time inhaling and exhaling so as to make sounds like the wind (*oo*).

Blow imaginary soap-bubbles. Keep bits of down in the air for several minutes.

Inflate toy balloons and move gently about, keeping the balloons in the air five minutes by means of the arms, then by means of the head.

Have the swimming exercise.

Inhale and exhale so as to make sounds like a steam engine (*sh*).

Have the pupils discover where the air is purest and why it is purest. Have them discover the causes of impure air in houses.

Devise simple and safe means for ventilating rooms. Teach why we should abstain from the use of tobacco and cigarettes.

Test the air of the school-room frequently. Use Fitz's Device for CO^2 Determination, L. E. Knott & Co., Boston.)

Enter rules in the Health Club leaflet relating to erect position, ventilation of sleeping rooms, and thorough "airing out" of all rooms every morning, and non-use of tobacco.— *Ella B. Hallock in Outlines for Lessons on the Human Body in Primary Grades.* (*Published in Southold, N. Y.*)

Letter-Writing

A. C. Scammell

LETTER-WRITING is enjoyed by little children when prettily served.

The daintiest of stationery, the choice between pen and pencil, the thought of giving pleasure emphasized, the writing to a real and not to an imaginary friend — all these are a pleasant introduction to the letter-lesson.

When begin? The very day that the children, as a class, are able to originate and write two or three simple sentences that are worth the telling.

If the teacher is their first correspondent, and is very indulgent, letter-writing becomes an act of importance and an expectant delight.

A weekly lesson may suffice, but if successful, it must be given when the children's social nature is at high tide. Older people like to choose their conditions of writing as to time, place, inclination, length, etc. So do children. Therefore the writing a letter as a set lesson does not always "take" with them. They can write the best letter when they feel like it, and if any of children's moods should be indulged, their letter-moods ought to be.

Experience gives the teacher some points: —

Do not teach the framework of a letter to primary children.

Begin with the body of the letter, with the "something to say" that interests.

Do not hamper by rules and restrictions, but allow the children as much freedom of will upon the paper as upon the playground.

Often suggest, never insist.

When the children can write fairly good letters encourage the home-letter and the writing to one another.

For this purpose, keep a box of small-size paper and envelopes, and a bottle of mucilage on the desk. Cancelled letter-stamps may be used for postage if the children enjoy this make-believe.

Do not ask to see these precious missives, but let them enjoy their pretty open secrets.

Letter-writing has its advantage as busy-work. It is quietly done; it is lasting without wearying; it does not divert the attention of pupils otherwise engaged.

But the weightiest reason for its place in primary work is that children learn to prize as a privilege what too often is felt an onerous task.

When children leave the primaries, they are well ready to study in order the parts of a letter. If a low, smooth, and narrow blackboard is not at hand, improvise one. Let it represent a sheet of paper. Allow each pupil to take a hand in the "building" of a letter. In previous writing nothing has been said about spacing, margin, or position. Do not suggest, but wait for the children's perception to decide these.

Let different pupils practise the "Heading" until a form that satisfies the entire class is secured. Here is a lesson in capitals, abbreviations, punctuation, geography, and figures. Quite enough for the first day!

The children come to their second lesson "sure", that they can write the salutation correctly. The result is "My Dear sister," "Dear aunt Mary." They add the whitest period their crayon can make to "Miss," but are careful to omit it after "Mr." and "Mrs." Only a fault of memory, which the children will correct if time is given them to recall the perfect copy. These little people give their teachers such wide chances to "correlate," the while they teach letter-writing! Such a good time to strengthen memory, observation, and judgment! If teachers only would afford the time, and wait!

Next comes the body of the letter, and with it, paragraphing. This is a real patience-test; for children put so many and so queer things together that their paragraphs resemble a restaurant salad. But the fault is nowhere so easily corrected as in the letter, whose paragraphs are short and easily made compared with those of other compositions.

The quiet request, "Put things that are alike together," will usually call forth an orderly and a nice discrimination, not at once, but after many days' practice.

When the letter is as correct as the class can make it, it may remain on the board as a pattern since it will interest the children far more than the book-copy.

A school post-office is a pleasant device, and saves letter-writing from being a task-work. The teacher has the parents' list of friends to whom their children may write. As the prime motive is improvement, no pupil is allowed to send a letter that is not his best effort, and all letters received are seen by the teacher after being read by the pupil. Private criticism follows, first by the pupil, then if there is need by the teacher.

"But no imperfect work should be seen by the pupil." Why not? For when children recognize the mistakes of others, they profit by them.

Pupils in the higher grades may learn the formula of letter-writing from their language-books, but they are likely to become good writers only through the wise guidance of the teacher who has made this part of her work a close study. Pupils in their teens often take on a stilty or an affected way of writing. This is especially true in large, ungraded schools, where letter-writing, except as language-work, is only casual, and seldom painstaking. The insistence of a few simple rules may correct much that is faulty.

"Adapt the style of your letter to the subject."

"Begin at once with what you have to say, and when you have finished, do not try to think of something to fill the sheet, but close your letter."

"Write as you would talk if your friends were present."

At this stage of school progress, much miscellaneous writing comes in, business letters, orders of various kinds, applications, advertisements, bills, receipts, invitations, telegrams, notices of public meetings, etc.

First, there must be careful practice in copying the

printed forms until they can be correctly reproduced from memory.

To teach the pupil to be so skilful that he can adapt these forms to his actual, every-day wants is not easy. But if he can be made so interested that he will have recourse to the banker, the editor, the minister, the grocer, and to anybody in his town who can serve as his practice-pupil and add to his business knowledge, then his teacher may safely leave him, for he will find his way through all his practical needs.

"Few graduates from our high schools can express and write correctly the common business forms." Is this true? If yes, then it is certain that the foot of this ever-needful ladder should rest in the primary room, and reach up through all the grades, not excepting the high school and the college.

(Miss Scammell has given some original and valuable hints about letter-writing, but does she not say some things that will admit of argument? Let other teachers be heard from on this subject. — ED.)

One Way to Teach Hemispheres

DELLA M. HODGDEN Providence R. I.

Lessons to precede:

History Story of the Mound Builders. Tell all interesting facts; omit the shape of the dirt houses.

Geography Story of the Eskimo, where he lives, kind of country, how he dresses, what he eats and drinks, how he works; tell the little ones that, in winter time, he makes his house of snow.

Nature Story of the Birds. Little folks love the birds — let them tell you what *they* know, and if they do not mention the bird's house, lead them to the idea of nest building.

Nature Story of the Beavers and their homes, Bees and their hives; finish the nature stories with a song that has been suggested by lesson; as — "Here is the bee-hive," or, "Where have you been little birdie?"

The Lesson

Tell the children about the Mound Builder's *house*, now, and model for them while talking, a mound (hemispherical in shape) of clay, or dirt on the modeling table.

Let us make it well outside. Do you like it rough? No? Why do you like it smooth? What else did those people make? Yes, pots, pans, kettles, etc., of clay — perhaps we will make some of clay to-morrow. (Primitive dwelling and utensils.)

Recall the Eskimo story and show the children the Eskimo's winter hut. (If in suitable weather have ready for the occasion a snow representation of an Eskimo hut — otherwise, a small "hut" of white cotton with a ground of cotton on which is seated an Eskimo. A white, fur-covered doll.)

Draw the picture of an Eskimo hut on the board while talking. (Have a collection of objects resembling the hemisphere on the table, cups, pans, basin, bell, toy umbrella, spoon, bowl, covers, birds' nests, etc. Bird architecture, adaptability of shape to limited knowledge and material.)

Let children come to the table, show what they like best, and tell the other children a story about their choice; this exercise will develop the characteristics of the hemisphere.

Have, if possible, several birds's nests; these always appeal to the child's idea of the beautiful — his little tongue may not tell you so but his eyes will. Have a few minutes' talk on nest building and lead from this to man's idea of dome building.

Have you seen houses with domes on them? What kind of houses were they! Here is a picture of a church with a dome. Do you like it? Why?

Insect houses such as bee-hives and ant hills may be referred to at this point; also the beaver's winter house.

Can you find something in your box that looks like an Eskimo hut or a mound? Put it on your desk. Let us make an Eskimo hut of the hemisphere, (introduce the word hemisphere as if the children already knew the type solid by name) a cradle, a bee-hive: Nellie wants to make a nest. What would you like to make? Now show the children the chart of pictures; let them tell the names of pictures of objects like the hemisphere.

Let us make, again, an Eskimo hut of the hemisphere, and sing an Eskimo song.

Eskimo Song

TUNE: "Marching through Georgia"

Jing-a-ling the bells do ring,
Now ready is the sleigh —
Charlie start the horses
For we are going far away.
Far away from birds and buds,
And flowers bright and gay.
Away to the home of the Eskimo.

CHORUS:
Away, away to the land of ice and snow,
Away, away to the home of the Eskimo,
Where the little girls and boys eat fish and drink whale oil.
Away to the home of the Eskimo.

Oh, Mr. Eskimo himself
Wears a very funny dress;
It is made of fur from head to foot,
It looks warm I must confess;
This he wears in winter time,
Where the cold north winds distress
Away in the land of ice and snow.

CHORUS:

Ah, he makes his little house
I see of blocks of snow,
The floor is just as flat as this,[1]
And the roof is rounded so,[2]
A door of snow and windows of ice
Must make him cold I know,
Away in the land of ice and snow.

CHORUS:

Oh we've had a pleasant time,
Good bye, good bye we sing;
Homeward now the horses run
To the sleigh bells jing-a-ling.
When the happy little birds
Come to us in the spring,
We'll tell them the story of the Eskimo.

CHORUS: (Substitute "good bye" for "away.")

1. Motion with palms flat (flat surface of hemisphere.)
2. Motion with hands to show curved face of hemisphere.

Accessories

Chart of pictures of objects "like the hemisphere."
Collection of toys and hemispherical objects.
On each desk a box of models.
Blackboard drawings (suggested by lesson.)
Mounted pictures of domes, etc., to pass around.
Clay for mound house, cotton and doll to illustrate the Eskimo story.

Busy Work

Have board pictures made with pegs and lentils.
Hecktograph hemispherical pictures and let the children make number stories of them.
Have word "hemisphere" made with lentils.

Connective Work

Manual Training; Model, of clay, objects based on the type solid.

Script; Develop story with "hemisphere" for new word or central idea.

Language; Children reproduce any story told — tell about objects on table.

Number; Introduce objects used in lesson at time of next number lesson.

Drawing; Have children draw illustrative story of Eskimo.

Nature Study; Geography; History; Already illustrated in Drawing Lesson.

Suggestions for Illustrations

Home of the Eskimo in Snow Lands.
Where the Mound Builders lived.
Some things the Mound Builders made.
Homes of Bees, Ants, Beavers.
Where Birdie dwells.
Some beautiful churches.
What we find at home like the hemisphere.

Editor's Page

Four Years Ago

PRIMARY EDUCATION first came before the educational public in January, 1893,—just four years ago. It made a modest entrance but not a shrinking one. No, it was too full of loving desire for the teachers, too anxious to sympathize and help, too certain that it had a mission, to feel any real doubts of its welcome by the teachers of little children.

And how its confidence has been repaid! How it has been welcomed and taken in to the homes and school-rooms, and how gloriously loyal and appreciative have its friends proved themselves to be! So unanimous has been the friendly spirit concerning it and so continuous have been the kind words for the efforts that have been put forth to make it worthy its large and growing patronage, that the editor has wondered more than once if the pouring in of a cannonade of criticism upon the editorial desk wouldn't be a good thing for the vigorous sturdy growth of the young paper. This criticism has been solicited many times and will always be welcome when it comes with the true helpful spirit. The paper is yours, teachers. Say what you desire most and it shall be forthcoming if it be for the good of all. Four years association with the generous publishers warrant me in promising their co-operation in all things that make for the highest success of this paper. No other educational paper costs as much in money, time and effort as PRIMARY EDUCATION; neither can any other paper claim a more influential host of friends and followers. Their character and professional standing are our chiefest pride.

Once more, my dear teachers, we start on another annual journey together. We have grown used to each other and are almost old friends. Let each constitute herself a voluntary hostess to invite and welcome new-comers to our home circle. To one and all—old friends and new—the editorial hand is warmly extended with the truest whishes for "A Happy New Year!"

The New Year

Put as much poetry into the opening year as you can. The children will love the fancy that he is another child like themselves.

> "O, I am the little New Year, ho! ho!
> Here I come tripping it over the snow
> Shaking my bells with a merry din
> So open your door and let me in."

In the little New Year's talks with the children, let it be the leading thought that one's own happiness for the coming year is not to be the chief consideration—but the happiness of others. Not *too* much moralizing, teachers. It is the little word here and there that seems to "say itself" that does the good. Watch for this golden moment but never force it. Don't have any particular time for saying the close heart-words, but let them always be the "word in season"— then how good it is.

The Morse Speller

This is a spelling-book on a new plan and a very sensible plan, too. Spelling is taught by dictation exercises and lists of review words. Prepared by Supt, Dutton of Brookline, Mass. Send to The Morse Co., 96 Fifth Ave., New York City. Price 35 cents.

Where?

Where are those letters about your "Child-Study cases"?

That Number Work

That delayed number work is delayed no longer. The first installment of the series appears in this very paper. When PRIMARY EDUCATION promises to do a thing it does not fail in the end and it is sincerely hoped its readers have not lost faith because unfavorable circumstances have prevented the carrying out of the earlier plan for this work. The only change to be announced concerning its presentation is the change in the authorship of the articles. It is a good fortune that Mr. John H. Tear, principal of the Washington School, Chicago, has been induced to undertake to give to the primary teachers of this country as much of this new gospel of number as can be put on paper. Mr. Tear shrinks from assuming the task knowing that no formal explanation of its principles and theory can give a vivid idea of the work as seen in actual practice in the school-room. I wish it were possible to transport every primary teacher and every other teacher to a first grade school-room during the progress of one of these number lessons. If ever children seem to have come into their own inheritance these children do. One hardly knows which to admire most or most wonder at—their skill or their enjoyment. Don't ask me what they *do*. After watching them for fifteen minutes I began to get a glimmer of what these little number beings were about, for they seemed possessed with the very spirit of number. Fractions were playthings. Wholes were triumphant discoveries. Observation and comparison were alert and their rapid "equations" were not mechanical formulas but the result of a clear perception of definite relations. They did not memorize—*they saw*.

"PRIMARY EDUCATION shall be the first paper to give this work to the teachers" was the editorial vow made on the spot. Persistent effort has been made for six months to accomplish this, and here it is—at last.

Now do not expect to grasp either the theory or practice of this work with one glance, neither must you be discouraged if you do not get it easily by study. If you can unlearn all the theory of number you ever knew and present a clear mental field for the consideration of this work you will be in a proper condition to study it—not otherwise.

It is not necessary to introduce or eulogize Mr. W. W. Speer, the originator of this scheme of number. His leadership in this special subject has given him a standing, scientifically and professionally, that lifts him above such need. His first book in this series of arithmetics has recently appeared and will be an indispensable help in the study of this scheme of number, as it will be presented from month to month in these columns (see notice on book page). Mr. Speer has the warmest endorsement of the practicability of this work from the superintendent, assistant superintendents, and principals of the Chicago schools in which the work has been put into practical operation. One Chicago principal writes in a private letter: "The possibilities of this work grow more marvellous every day. It opens up such immense fields—every child is let to discover for himself. It must be this that makes the pupil so joyous in the handling."

A Place to Rest

Send to "The International School Teachers Home Association" Eureka Springs, Ark., for circulars concerning that resting place for teachers.

Errors Corrected

The illustration on page 353 December number (first column) should have been marked "Sachet" only. The mistake was not made by the author of the article.

The music on page 286, October number, should have been credited to N. Coe Stewart, Master of Music, Cleveland Public Schools (Ohio.)

A New Story Magazine

Send to Juvenile Literature Publishing Co., 331 Main St., Springfield, Mass., for a copy of "The Favorite," a bright, artistic story magazine for little children. Price, 10 cents single copy, 75 cents a year.

Pippa*

(From "Child Stories from the Masters."—*Maud Menifee*)

ALL the year in the little village of Asolo the great wheels of the mills went round and round. It seemed to the very little children that they never, never stopped, but went on turning and singing. No matter where you went in the village, the hum of the wheels could always be heard, and though no one could really say what the wheels sang, everyone turned gladly to his work or went swiftly on his errand when he heard the busy song.

Everyone was proud of the mills in Asolo, and the children most of all. The very little ones would go to the lowest windows and look into the great dim room where the wheels were, and they wondered, as they looked, if ever they would grow wise enough to help make silk.

Those children who were older wound thread on the bobbins, or helped at the looms. And whenever they saw the bright stuff in shop windows, or a beautiful woman passed in silken robes, they looked with shining eyes. "See how beautiful!" they would say. "We helped. She needs us, the world needs us!" and their hearts were so fulll of gladness at the thought.

The poet tells us there was a child there whose name was Pippa, and she worked all day in this mill, winding silk on the little whirling, whirling spools.

Now in the year there was one day they gave her for her own — one perfect day when she could walk in the sweet, sweet meadows, or wander toward the far, strange hills. And this one precious day was so shining and full of joy to Pippa that its light shone all about her until the next, making itself into dreams and little songs that she sang to her whirring spools.

One night, when the blessed time would be next morning, she said to the day:

"Sweet Day, I am Pippa, and have only you for the joy of my whole long year; come to me gentle and shining, and I will do whatever loving deed you bring me."

And the blessed day broke golden and perfect!

She sprang up singing; she sang to the sunbeams, and to her lily, and to the joy in the world; she ran out, and leaped as she went; the grass blew in the wind, and the long yellow road rolled away like unwound silk.

She sang on and on, hardly knowing. And it was a sweet song no one had ever heard. It was what birds sing, only this had words; and this song was so full of joy that when a sad poet heard it he stopped the lonely tune he piped, and listened till his heart thrilled. And when he could no longer hear, he took up the sweet strain and played it so strong and clear that it set the whole air a-singing. The children in the street began dancing and laughing as he played; the old looked up; a lame man felt that he might leap, and the blind who begged at corners forgot they did not see, the song was so full of the morning wonder.

But little Pippa did not know this; she had passed on singing.

Out beyond the village there were men who worked, building a lordly castle. And there was a youth among them who was a stair builder, and he had a deep sorrow. The dream of the perfect and beautiful work was in his life, but it was given to him to build only the stairs men trod on. And as he knelt working wearily at his task, from somewhere beyond the thicket there came a strange, sweet song, and these were the words:

"All service ranks the same with God.
There is no last or first!"

The youth sprang up; the wind lifted his hair, the light leaped into his eyes, and he began to do the smallest thing perfectly.

Farther down the road there was a ruined house; a man leaned his head on his hand and looked from the window. A great deed that the world needed must be done, and the man loved the great deed, but his heart had grown faint, and he waited.

And it chanced that Pippa passed, singing, and her song reached the man; and it was to him as if God called. He rose up strong and brave, and leaping to his horse he rode away to give the great deed to the world.

At night when the tired Pippa lay upon her little bed, she said to the day, "Sweet Day, you brought me no loving deed to give in payment for the joy you gave."

But the day knew.

And on the morrow, the child Pippa went back to the mill and wound the silk bobbins, and she was so full of gladness, she hummed with them all day.

*Kindergarten Publishing Co., Chicago

The Prince's Lesson

Little princes are much like other children. The son of the Crown Prince of Prussia did not like to be washed in the morning, and he often made a great fuss about it.

One day his governor reported him to his father. "Very well," said the Crown Prince, "after this let him go unwashed."

So the next morning the prince did not have his face washed, or his hands, and he went out to walk with his governor, feeling very proud to think that he had got his own way.

Around the palace of the prince there were many soldiers, who watched to see that no harm came to the royal family. These soldiers always saluted the children whenever they went by. This time, however, the first soldier the little prince passed stood stiff and straight, and did not salute. The prince looked displeased but said nothing. Presently, he came to another soldier, but he also stood still and did not salute. When the walk was finished, and they had passed many soldiers, none of whom paid any attention to the prince, the little fellow dashed in to his father exclaiming:

"Papa, papa — you must whip all your soldiers! They refuse to salute me when I pass!"

"Ah, my son," said the Crown Prince, "they do rightly, for clean soldiers never salute a dirty little prince."

After that he took a shower-bath every morning.

— *Sel.*

(*C. C. N. S. Envelope*)

A Cat That Can Read

"I have a cat," said a lady to me the other day, "that knows when a letter comes for her."

"A letter!" I exclaimed in surprise.

"Yes, a letter; and if you don't believe it I will prove it to you. Just wait a minute until I direct one."

My friend left the room, and in a few minutes returned with a sealed envelope addressed to Miss Pussy, No.— Marlboro Street, City.

"Now," said she, "if you will kindly post that for me to-night, and be here when the postman comes around on his first delivery to-morrow morning, you will see that I am telling you facts."

I mailed the letter as she asked, and was at my friend's home promptly the next morning.

Soon the bell rang, and shortly afterward the servant entered with a bundle of letters, among which was that for Miss Pussy.

Placing them near the cat on the floor, my friend said, "Now, Miss Pussy, pick out your letter."

Sure enough, Pussy at once showed an interest, and in a moment had pushed aside with her paws the envelope addressed to her.

I was almost too surprised to speak, when my friend said: "Wait a moment. She'll open it and eat up all that is in the envelope."

Scarcely had she said this when Miss Pussy had torn the envelope open, and was enjoying her letter very much. The envelope was filled with catnip.

For A Happy New Year

Suppose we think little about number one,
Suppose we all help some one else to have fun;
Suppose we ne'er speak of the faults of a friend,
Suppose we are ready our own to amend;
Suppose we laugh *with*, and not *at*, other folk,
And never hurt anyone "just for the joke;"
Suppose we hide trouble and show only cheer—
'Tis likely we'll have quite a Happy New Year!

—*St. Nicholas*

An Astronomy Game

(Can any teacher devise a way to play this? It could be made very entertaining and instructive.—ED.)

The Solar System puzzles us,
Miss Mary said she thought it would.
And so she gave us each a name,
And made it all into a game,
And then we understood

Theresa, with her golden hair
All loose and shining, was the Sun.
And round her Mercury and Mars,
Venus and all the other stars
Stood waiting, every one.

I was the Earth, with little Nell
Beside me for the Moon so round.
And Saturn had two hoops for rings,
And Mercury had a pair of wings,
And Jupiter was crowned.

Then when Miss Mary waved her hand,
Each slow and stately in our place,
We circled round the Sun, until
A Comet, that was little Will,
Came rushing on through space.

He darted straight into our midst,
He whirled among us like a flash.
The stars went flying, and the Sun,
And laughing, breathless, wild with fun,
The "System" went to smash!—*Sel.*

An Indian Cradle Song

Swing thee low in thy cradle soft,
Deep in the dusky wood;
Swing thee low and swing aloft—
Sleep as a pappoose should;
For, safe in your little birchen nest,
Quiet will come, and peace and rest,
If the little pappoose is good.

The coyote howls on the prairie cold,
And the owlet hoots in the tree;
And the big moon shines on the little child
As it slumbers peacefully;
So swing thee high in thy little nest,
And swing thee low, and take the rest
That the night wind brings to thee.

The father lies on the fragrant ground,
Dreaming of hunt and fight,
And the pine leaves rustle with mournful sound
All through the solemn night;
But the little pappoose in his birchen nest
Is swinging low as he takes his rest,
Till the sun brings the morning light.

—*Exchange*

Dear Little Snow Birds

"Dear little snow birds,
Pray how could you stay
Out doors in the cold
On this winter day?

"You seem to be happy,
Your song full of glee,
But what makes you glad
I'm sure I can't see.

"Because you must know
Cold never hurts me;
My brown feather coat
Is as warm as can be."

Selfish and Lend-a-Hand

Little Miss Selfish and Lend-a-Hand
Went journeying up and down the land.
On Lend-a-hand the sunshine smiled,
The wild flowers bloomed for the happy child,
Birds greeted her from every tree;
But Selfish said, "No one loves me."

Little Miss Selfish and Lend-a-Hand
Went journeying home across the land.
Miss Selfish met with trouble and loss,—
The weather was bad, the folks were cross;
Lend-a-Hand said, when the journey was o'er,
"I never had such a good time before."

—*Mary F. Butts in "Outlook"*

To the Man in the Moon

L. F. ARMITAGE

I wonder what you do in the night,
When everyone's gone to bed?
It must be very lonesome, indeed
To stay there alone o'erhead.

Don't you ever wish you could come down here
With us little girls and boys?
It must be so still up there in the sky,
With no one to make a noise.

Perhaps you sometimes talk with the owl,
They say he's about at night.
I know I'd be frightened if I were you
To stay out alone all night.

You must be so tired when daylight comes,
But where do you go for rest?
Perhaps you lie on a soft, white cloud,
'Twould make such a cosy nest.

Sometimes you are gone for many a night,
I miss you, indeed I do;
But of course the Chinese children want
To see your jolly face, too.

Pussy's Lesson

Listen, children, listen, and I will tell you true,
About a little pussy, and 't was—
Mew, mew, mew!

Just as black as midnight, with long and silky fur,
Happy as the sunshine, and 't was—
Purr, purr, purr.

One day when his mama was purring sound asleep,
Slyly stole this pussy, and 't was—
Creep, creep, creep.

Jumped up on the pantry shelf, and in the milk fell flat,
Wakened up his mama, and 't was—
Scat, scat, scat!

Down she dragged him from the shelf, white as snowball now;

Boxed his ears with vigor, and 't was—
Me-ow, me-ow, me-ow!
Now his mama's slumbers are sweet and calm to her—
Pussy minds his mama, and 't is—
Purr, purr, purr.
— C. D. L. in "St. Nicholas"

Four Bedtimes

"Cluck, cluck, cluck," said the hen,
"'Tis time this little chick went to bed.
Or you'll live to be a fowl
Which in the night will prowl,
And be taken for an owl," she said.
Then without a single peep
The chick went off to sleep,
Soft tucked in its warm feather bed.

"Purr, purr, purr," said the cat,
"'Tis time this little kit went to bed.
Or you'll grow to be a cat
Which cannot catch a rat,—
And you wouldn't much like that," she said.
Then the kitten in a trice
Slept, and dreamed of catching mice,
Wrapped in fur in her basket bed.

"Bow-wow-wow," said the dog,
"'Tis time this little puppy went to bed.
For playing in the dark
Will take away your bark,
And you'll never make your mark," she said.
Then the puppy stopped his play,
And went to bed straightway,
Curled up on his clean straw bed.

"Come, come, come," said mamma,
"'Tis time this little boy went to bed,
To sleep throughout the night,
And with the morning light
To awaken fresh and bright," she said.
But that boy did tease and tease—
"Let me sit up this once, please,"
And at last was carried pouting off to bed.
— Mary L. Paine

Chicadee

"Here I come—do you hear me sing?
No other bird is on the wing.
Peep, little ones, at me, me, me,
While I chirp—Chicadee, dee, dee.

Do you hear how the cold winds blow?
Do you see all the white, white snow?
Think you it frightens me, me, me?
Not one bit—Chicadee, dee, dee.

Old Jack Frost, with a face so grim,
Scowls at me as I laugh at him;
Thinks he would like to see, see, see,
Me less saucy—Chicadee, dee.

Dear little hands, as winter comes,
Fling to the snow-birds dainty crumbs;
Then we'll gather in glee, glee, glee,
Singing—Chic, chicadee, dee, dee."
—S. D.

At Bedtime

"Where do you go?" I asked the bees,
"When the dew is falling and shadows grow?"
They buzzed and fluttered their wings, and said,
"To the 'Land of Nod,' if you must know."

"And where, oh, little brown bird that sings
So gay in the sunlight, when 'tis gone,
Where do you go, just whisper, pray,
Till you and your tiny mate chirp good morn?"

"Sure you're in fun," said the singer,
"You, quite grown up, should be far more wise:
We, and the bees, and flowers, flit
To the 'Land of Nod," till the sun shall rise."

"And what, I pray, is the way to take
To this wonderful country?" "We shut our eyes,
And keep them fast, and very soon,
We see before us the gates arise.

"Wide are they opened to let us in,
For the whole great country is all our own,
And sometimes, white-winged angels come,
And we feel their draperies round us blown."
— Florence Ada Wightman

So Many Gifts

Three hundred and sixty-five spick-span new,
Beautiful presents for me and for you!
Fill them with kindness and sunshine, my honey,
And you'll find these gifts better than playthings or money.
— Sel.

The Echo

(For youngest children.)

A baby's face, with tear wet eyes,
Leaned over a deep curbed well.
"I'd det you out wif a stick," she cried,
"If only I knew where you fell."

"What, is it your doll, my love?" said I,
But she shook her golden head.
"I must det her out wif a great big stick—
It's dear little Echo," she said.

"Dear little Echo, that loves me so.
Now listen, 'I love you,' hear?"
And up from the depths of the deep old well
Came "I love you" in accents clear.

"Echo's a water nymph, my sweet,
And that is her home," said I,
"And if you should bring her up here to live,
Why, the poor little thing would die.

"She lives down deep in a crystal cave,
With everything bright and fair."
"Oh, well, then, she's happy," the baby said,
"And I dess I'll leave her there."
— Sel.

Snow Flakes

Beautiful feathery flakes of snow,
Softly come and softly go;
Kissing our cheeks and dazzling our eyes,
Emblem of purity sent from the skies,

Spreading a blanket soft and warm,
Keeping the flowers and buds from harm,
Melting away in the springtime sun,
Aiding the brooklets and rivers to run.

Clothing in mantle of white the earth,
Softening a couch for the flowers birth,
Coming in stars and going in tears,
Emblem of hope for happier years.
— Sel.

Little White Feathers

"Little white feathers are filling the air,
Little white feathers, how came you there?"
"We came from the cloud birds sailing so high.—
They're shaking their white wings up in the sky."

"Little white feathers, how swift you go!
Little white feathers we love you so!"
"We're swift because we have work to do.
Now hold up your faces, and we'll kiss you true."

Stately oaks watches are keeping
Over the babies below;
Acorn babes cosily sleeping
Under the leaves and the snow.
— Sel.

OLIVER DITSON CO., BOSTON.

SONG ECHOES FROM CHILD LAND. By Harriet S. Jenks and Mabel Rust.

Another book of songs from the author of "Songs and Games for Little Ones" is a matter for congratulation in the home, the school, and the kindergarten. The popularity of the first book with which Miss Jenks was associated will ensure a warm welcome for this work even before its songs are tested by actual use. Contents are these: Hymns, Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter Songs, Christmas Carols, Kindergarten Rhymes and Games and other miscellaneous collections. The book is presented in elegant dress and the rich crimson binding with artistic gold lettering is a pleasure to the eye and touch. But this very beauty and daintiness will be a barrier to its possession by the teachers with small salaries. We regret that these books, so valuable to teachers, could not be put upon the market in cheaper form that they might lie upon the desks of every teacher of little children. But even if they *are* expensive *teachers cannot afford to do without them*. Children should have only the best music.

GINN & CO., BOSTON.

THE NEW ARITHMETIC. By W. W. Speer, Assistant Superintendent of Schools, Chicago.

This is the first volume of the New Arithmetic Series by Mr. Speer. It differs materially from the traditional text-book on arithmetic. It presents arithmetic as the science of relative magnitudes, and holds that the simple elementary ideas out of which mathematical inferences grow must be obtained through observing, comparing, and judging of the relations of magnitudes, and not by counting. The author believes, with Fiske and Spencer, that the idea of equality is highly abstract and only to be reached gradually. Provision is made for this gradual advance toward the power of exact comparison in such a way as to center the attention upon the relational element.

It is urged, that, though the work should constantly tend toward the power of definite thinking, it is fatal to impose a definite language upon a child before the growth of definite ideas. Dealing with realities and not forms is made the means of advance. Expression follows naturally upon the growing need for it. The subject is treated as Comte and others regarded it—as a natural science, a science of observation.

The service of the eye and the hand, of drawing, cutting, making, etc., in aiding to form clear mathematical ideas, is distinctly recognized and *acted* upon. The training of the senses is strenuously urged, not as something separate and apart from mental training, but as an essential thing for the highest mental development. "The judgment and memory," we are told, "must be trained through the sense of touch as well as of sight." To look at things is not enough, to handle them is not enough,—to *judge* them is needful.

It is feared that many teachers may pervert this book from its true purpose,—"the development of the mind by means of mathematics, which involves the development of mathematics within the mind." But at every step the author has placed barriers to check such procedures as carry the child blindfold to the end. He emphasizes again and again the need of so shaping the work as to gradually free the mind from the concrete and the particular. He also clearly demonstrates that the use of divided magnitudes renders it impossible to secure natural mental action, because the presentation makes the analysis which the pupil should make for himself; it calls upon him to construct a whole which he has never seen.

While this book is assigned for the use of primary teachers it is believed that its usefulness will not be limited to primary teachers nor teachers of arithmetic. From the point of view that when our teaching is in accord with the laws of development the child will become strong with the strength of nature the author works out a method which may be hopefully followed in teaching any subject. A thoughtful student of pedagogical literature declares this to be the best book on applied psychology which has come under his observation

Mr. Speer's wide reputation for ability and original thinking in the realm of mathematics will secure for this work the closest study and investigation of *thinking* progressive educators.

ROBERTS BROS., BOSTON.

THE WONDERFUL FAIRIES OF THE SUN. By Ernest Vincent Wright. Illustrations by Cora M. Norman.

"The Sun is the King of the Fairy Realms,
And a monarch we all know well;
So let us gaze high o'er the skies and see
Where this king and his courtiers dwell.
'Tis a beautiful palace of solid gold,
With jewels and gems galore;
And all the fairies, both rich and poor,
Are welcome within its door."

This verse gives the keynote of the book, which is made up of verse stories of the Rainbow Elves, Cloud Fairies, Wind Fairies, Dream Fairies, and all the rest who help the beneficent sun in his daily work. Sunsets, Comets, Raindrops, Snowflakes, Sunbeams, Clouds, and Wind are the work of the fairies, and the history of their charming adventures is told in pleasant, healthful rhyme that will be enjoyed by children without arousing a feverish imagination. The illustrations are an important feature of the book. They are full-page pictures full of character and rich in fancy. Children will find in this book a real treasure and an enjoyment that will survive long after the first freshness and novelty of the stories have passed away.

EDUCATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., BOSTON.

STORIES OF THE UNITED STATES FOR YOUNGEST READERS. By Anna Chase Davis.

Children who are too young to *study* history may yet acquire a taste for it through carefully selected reading. The object of this book is to create an interest in the historical events of our country and also to furnish a suitable supplementary reader for second grade pupils. The book opens with the entrance of the white men into New England and tells of the life of the Indians which they found there. Other chapters follow upon the Norsemen, discovery of America and the early life of the colonists. These stories are not meant to be a connected series of events, but interesting incidents of different periods of our country's history. They are simply and clearly told, and with sufficient vivacity to retain the interest of the children. The type is large, the paragraphs simple sentences, and the vocabulary consistent with the acquirement of seven and eight year old children. It is plentifully illustrated with appropriate pictures of a sort that will please the children wonderfully, and yet give an accurate knowledge of the people and the times about which the stories are full. It is the work of a practical teacher who felt the need of such a book in her own work and will meet the needs of other teachers similarly situated.

LOTHROP PUBLISHING CO., BOSTON.

THROUGH THE FARMYARD GATE. By Emilie Poulsson. Illustrated by L. J. Bridgeman.

A new book by Miss Poulsson is an event in child-world. This book of rhymes about pet animals is not distinctively kindergarten and is not a book of finger plays. But it is full of the spirit of companionship with animal life, which the children will enjoy and recognize even better than the "grown-ups." Stories full of imagination make up these rhymes, with just enough indulgence in grotesque fancy to captivate the children. The author's treatment of rabbits and the "make-believes" concerning them are irresistibly funny. They do everything that people do and furnish entertainment of a perfectly harmless character. The illustrations are as necessary to the rhymes as the rhymes are to the pictures. Every page is illustrated with so much of action in the scenes that one can easily fancy himself "through the farmyard gate" in the very midst of all the life and fun.

A. S. BARNES & CO., NEW YORK CITY.

THE STEP-LADDER. By Margaret A. Klein.

This is a collection of prose and poetry designed for use in children's classes in elocution and for supplementary reading in schools. The compiler says: "It is a collection of selections which will develop the child's expressive power in natural lines. They are based on the exact laws of mental development. They are not chosen for their newness or any particularly striking external quality, but for their special fitness for teaching reading." The contents of the book are divided into four "steps," *viz.*, Life, Love, Purpose, Thought. The volume is intended to precede Dr. Emerson's "Evolution of Expression," though it may be used with any series of reading books.

AMERICAN BOOK CO, NEW YORK CITY.

HOME STUDIES IN NATURE. By Mary Treat.

This is not a new book but made its reputation and hosts of friends many years ago. But the solidity and reliability of the work keeps it ever fresh and ever new. Four chapters are devoted to Birds, two to Habits of Insects, several more to Plants that Consume Animals, while the two closing chapters are given to Flowering Plants. The book abounds in anecdotes of actual personal experience and experiments with animals and insects that give it a flavor of personal conversation and takes the reader into close sympathy with the author. The many new nature books that have appeared since Nature Study found its place in our schools have made this book more useful and desirable.

WERNER SCHOOL BOOK CO., CHICAGO.

THE STORY OF HENRY CLAY. For Readers in Primary Grades. By Frances and Laura Cravens.

This little booklet of 32 pages is dedicated to the children of the common schools of Kentucky, but it would be well for the little children of other states to become familiar with the life of so great a man as Henry Clay. But there is a glaring incongruity in talking of the "House of Burgesses," "organizing debating clubs," "political struggles," etc., to children young enough to need the single paragraph sentences and coarse type in which this book is printed. There is a startling want of adaptation between the style and subject matter of the book.

Tried

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